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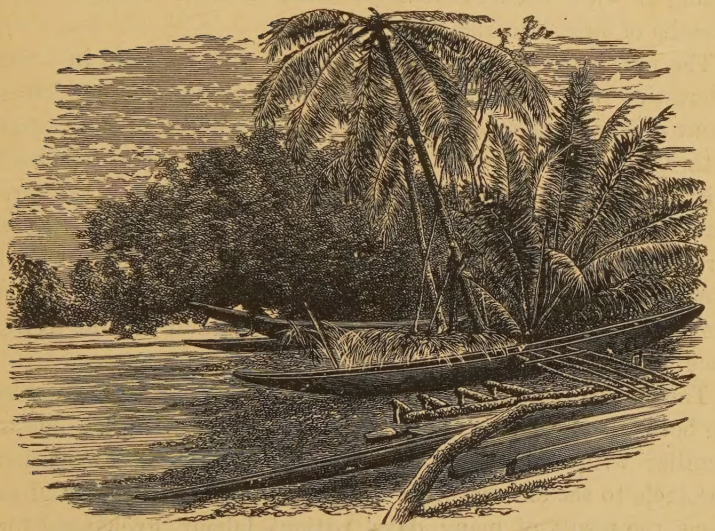
THE CANADIAN
METHODIST MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1885.

CRUISE OF H.M.S. "CHALLENGER."

BY W. J. J. SPRY, R.N.

IX.



THE LANDING-PLACE ON WILD ISLAND, ADMIRALTY ISLANDS.

IN the afternoon of February 23rd we sighted Mount Cyclops, in New Guinea; this is a high serrated ridge, rising 6,000 feet from the level of the sea, and covered with dense tropical forests up to its summit. This was our first view of the shores of New Guinea, and all gazed with profound interest at what seemed the portal to the least explored region of the earth. It is well known that but few Europeans (if any) had ever trodden the shores we gazed upon.

The obstacles which hitherto have been said to bar access to the interior of this continent are fevers, impenetrable forests, and swarms of hostile cannibals; but experience has since contradicted more or less these discouraging reports. The fevers will be found restricted to certain localities; the cannibals may, by judicious treatment, not prove so bad as represented; and the difficulties of locomotion may be overcome by exploring the great rivers which are known to reach the coast from the interior. It was dark as we anchored, and at first the only signs of natives were the numerous lights, which formed a kind of illumination all round the shores of the bay. After a while some voices were heard and by the light of lanterns a canoe was seen alongside, manned by a few dark forms clad only in their ornaments, consisting of white cockatoo feathers stuck in their woolly hair, or wreaths of bright scarlet flowers.

The next morning at daylight showed that we were in a most interesting and beautiful bay. The ship was surrounded by about eighty canoes, each manned by half a dozen savages, armed with bows, arrows, spears, and stone hatchets. It was decided to shift our position for one farther up the bay; and as the screw made its first revolution, the astonished natives pointed their arrows at it, as if they expected some enemy to rise from the foaming waters. Slowly we steamed on our way, followed by all the canoes on starboard and port side doing their utmost to keep pace with us.

The canoes remained around us, and a lively trade soon sprang up between the ship's company and the savages. To one unfamiliar with the South Sea trade it was rather a surprising spectacle to see an armful of weapons, belts, necklaces, and earrings, the result of many days' patient labour, exchanged for a few pieces of rusty hoop-iron or a string of beads. In their bargaining they were generally very honest, passing up the articles selected on the end of their fishing-spear, receiving in exchange the pieces of hoop-iron, which seemed to be much prized by them; at the same time showing great eagerness to obtain the small hatchets and long knives, but seemingly attaching little value to calico or handkerchiefs, although a gaudy pattern or bright colour was sure to attract their attention.

On the first of our boats approaching the shore, it was closed upon by a number of savages in their canoes, and all that could

be stolen they laid hands on. A second boat was similarly treated, and they evidently opposed any landing being made with hostile demonstrations, bending their bows and intimating their intention to shoot if we persisted in the attempt. Very judiciously we gave way, although all were fully armed, and the boats returned to the ship, everyone feeling disappointed at the result.

Later in the day another attempt was made to land at a village on the other side of the bay. A large crowd soon collected around us, and followed in our track through the village. In what might be considered full dress (?), with their faces and body painted (the most common fashion was a broad streak down the forehead and a circle round each eye, with daubs of paint round the mouth, and some over the entire body, rendering them inexpressibly hideous in our sight), they were often decorated with belts and breastplates made of the bones of the cassowary and dog, together with long streamers of pandanus leaf. Nearly every one was armed with bows and arrows. The bow is made of a tough, black, closegrained wood, the string being of bamboo. They are variously barbed on the edges, and some are so constructed as to break off in the wound and remain there.

The village consisted of some dozen or twenty houses, built on a platform on slender posts standing in the water, and connected with the mainland by a sort of bridge. They have tall tapering roofs, covered with palm leaves. As it was not considered safe to venture far, after a few hours the pinnace returned to the ship, still followed by a flotilla of canoes, with the lively and excitable natives trying to keep pace. The canoes, usually from twenty to thirty feet in length, are made from the trunk of a tree hollowed out like a long trough. A long outrigger is attached, and on the portion of framing supporting these outriggers are planks or long bamboos, forming a small stage, which will accommodate two or more persons, and on which articles for barter are stowed.

As nothing farther could be done here, steam was in requisition, and before night set in we were fairly off, and out of sight of land. For a week we shaped an easterly course for the Admiralty Islands, sighting Boissy Islands, and on the 28th one of the Schouten Islands, and a few days later the Hermit group. Frequent soundings and dredgings were undertaken with good results, from an average depth of 2,000 fathoms. On the 3rd of March three small islets were seen which lie off the Admiralty

Islands. On nearing we found ourselves in the midst of a number of beautiful islands, all girt with white encircling reefs. We soon discovered that there would be no difficulty in establishing a good understanding with these people, and almost immediately a landing was effected, all being armed so as to be on the guard against any treachery. Of these people being cannibals, there can be no doubt ; so at our first intercourse great caution was certainly necessary.

The village consisted of a large number of huts, built of logs of wood, covered with a solid thatch of palm-leaves, with a fence of the former material surrounding every three or four. The natives are a kind of sooty brown. The expression of their faces was decidedly intelligent, and sometimes very pleasing. The particular vanity of these people, especially the men, was their hair, which was usually frizzled up into mop-like shape, or tied in some fantastic style on the top of the head, and coloured with a red clay and oil. They appeared to be much astonished at our white complexion, which they at first took for the effect of white paint; nor were they satisfied on this point for some time (not until they had actually felt and seen closely).

We saw no signs of graves, nor could we ascertain with any degree of certainty how they disposed of their dead. From signs they made, such as placing a large earthen vessel on the fire, and indicating that they cut off parts of the body, place in the vessel, and afterwards eat them, our suspicions were aroused that they honour the memory of their friends and relations by eating them. At all events, they had no objection to sell human skulls, of which several were procured, and no sacrifice seemed too great for them if they could only get hold of that priceless material—iron hoop. Their conduct seemed always cheerful and friendly, and they had no objection to come on board, and submit to the process of being photographed, weighed and measured.

Leaving the Admiralty Islands on the 10th of March, a course was shaped for Yokohama. On the 23rd March bottom was touched at 4,475 fathoms, the deepest sounding made during the whole cruise. In consequence of the enormous pressure at that depth (some five tons on the square inch) most of the thermometers were crushed. However, one stood the test, and showed a temperature of 33·9°, the surface temperature being 80°

April 11th.—Yokohama is now before us, with the sacred

VILLAGE IN WILD ISLAND, NARES' HARBOUR, ADMIRALTY ISLANDS.

mountain Fuji-yama, the snow on its high peak looking like frosted silver as it stretches away in the distance, pointing, cone-like, high into the clouds. No travelling in Europe can rob Japan of its peculiar claims to admiration, for nothing in the West resembles a thousand things that meet the eye.

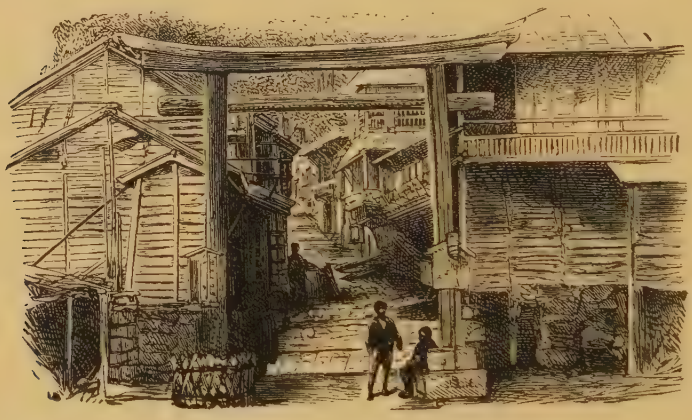
I landed on the 12th of April at Yokohama, a town which has within the past few years risen from a small fishing village to a place of great importance, possessing numerous small buildings; also wide streets, both in the foreign concession and Japanese quarter, with business houses of various kinds; streets lighted with gas; and, if so many Japanese were not met with, it would not be difficult to imagine oneself in some European town.

The bay is full of shipping of many nationalities; but by far the greater number fly the national flag of Japan, for the country possesses several war-vessels, and a large coasting fleet, manned and officered entirely by Japanese. The visit to the capital, Tokio, was a most interesting treat. The seventeen miles are run over in somewhat less than an hour, although we stop at three or four stations on our way; passing some pretty scenery through garden-bordered streets, and the open country, with rice and wheat fields everywhere, indicating, unmistakably, signs of skilled and careful agriculture. Leaving the streets for the suburbs, showy little cottages, each surrounded by gardens laid out with tasteful neatness and artistic skill, are passed. A friend was in waiting to receive me, and we entered the building he occupies, which had at one time been attached to a large temple near at hand, and for which this part of Yedo is famous.

Entering by the doorway, and passing through a spacious hall, matted according to the Government regulation, which prescribes that every mat manufactured throughout the empire shall be of one size, we reach the spacious rooms, the walls and panels of which were ornamented with paintings of various animals and figures—tortoises, cranes, dragons, and wondrous unreal monsters. We ascended one of the highest points of the fortifications, from which a fine panoramic view was obtained of the vast city, with its two millions and a half of inhabitants, occupying an area equal to, if not greater than, London. Looking in any direction, the view was one of beauty. Everywhere are picturesque scenes; hill and dale, clothed with brilliant vegetation of sparkling green.

I was filled with feelings of astonishment and delight as we

passed through fragrant avenues of peach, cherry, and plum trees in full bloom, over-arched bridges spanning the bright blue river that flows through the heart of the city; getting here and there glimpses of the exquisite taste displayed in the gardens and cottages along the roadside. No model estate in England can produce structures in any way comparable with those which adorn the suburbs of Yedo. These charming little *châlets*, raising their thatched roofs amid numberless fruit-trees and creepers, were usually surrounded by flowerbeds and artificial rockeries, laid out with exquisite taste. All the people seemed happy, talking, laughing, and smiling—their greetings and salutations assailed us wherever we went.



STREET IN A JAPANESE VILLAGE.

Here and there, at the close of long avenues, were to be seen gorgeous temples embosomed amongst giant camphor and cedar trees; standing about at their entrances were lazy-looking priests with shaven crowns, in robes of silk and transparent material. Sauntering up the shady walk, we ascend the steps and enter the sacred edifice dedicated to Buddha. The priest, for a few *tempôs*, shows us all that is of interest.

The floors are matted, the pillars lacquered and richly gilded. A large shrine, with a gilt image in its recess, gold and porcelain vases, lighted candles and tapers, surrounded by a forest of artificial flowers, at once attract our attention. In the rear are the imperial mausoleums, where lay the remains of Tycoons of centuries past. Before leaving we are reminded of the collecting

boxes in various parts of the building, where the pious worshipper fails not to contribute a few "cash," not as an act of charity, but to provide the means by which the priest may be enabled to feed the hungry demons.

At frequent and short distances along the road were little stalls with fruit and tea, the universal beverage, always hot and ready, to quench the thirst of the weary pedestrian.

A tour through the business quarter of Tokio is of great interest, for at every step something new is to be seen. The streets are always filled with vast numbers of people, and run on for miles. The shops are filled with goods to suit every requirement: some are rich in Japanese ingenuity and perfection of work in lacquer, porcelain, basket-work, and bronze, fancy silks, and embroideries spread out in every tempting form. The silk stores and book-shops are equally attractive. The carvings in wood and ivory, of groups and animals, are in the best style of art. Figures and vases in bronze are artistic and marvellous in their make. China and porcelain beautiful and delicate, with a thousand other articles, are laid out in tempting array. On can walk on for miles and see a repetition of shops of this description.

The street vendor, with his ambulatory stock over his shoulder on a bamboo pole, or pitched down at the corner of a street, is surrounded with a varied assortment of odds and ends. The acrobat and conjurer amuse extensive audiences collected round them. The story-teller, with his wondrous tales (after the style of the familiar "Arabian Nights"), delights an attentive crowd. Hundreds of officials (army, navy, and civil service), all in European costume, are decorated with gold lace, gilt buttons, and other insignia of rank; even the police and soldiers are often our own familiar models. Jinirikisha men, coolies, and porters dragging carts laden with goods, all help to swell the tide of human life.

Continuing my way, I paid a visit to numerous temples, and in describing the one at Asakusa, I shall nearly convey an idea of the whole. This is one of the largest and most celebrated in Tokio. On reaching the locality, we pass on through long avenues crowded with men, women and children. As we approach the Holy of Holies, a large bronze figure of Buddha is in view, and we pass on to the building, gorgeously decorated in gold and lacquer work, with elaborate and ornamental carved

roofs and pillars. The sacred shrine to which the multitude come to pray is protected by a large frame of wire netting. A curious practice seems in force with the hundreds who pay their devotions here: they purchase from the priest in attendance small squares of paper, on which are inscribed certain hieroglyphics; these they chew for a time, and then throw as pellets at the grating (which is consequently covered with the results). And the precision with which these pellets strike the grating, or go through the mesh, determines certain inferences as to good or bad luck.

BRONZE FIGURE OF BUDDHA.

The streets are full of life and movement. People are wending their way home, or to the bathing-house, which, strongly lighted up, shows through its lattice bars crowds of both sexes enjoying the luxury of the bath. Gaily painted and figured lanterns are flitting to and fro, and light up somewhat dimly the shops and roads, for the gas is not as yet laid on all over the city, and the law still remains in force that everyone after dark shall carry a lighted lantern on which his name is painted.

All honour to this nation, which, after living an isolated life for centuries from the rest of the world, has now gone ahead in such an earnest manner, leaving all that any other Eastern nation has attempted far behind. In going over the workshops, which

are well supplied with every modern appliance of machinery for successfully carrying out extensive engineering work, we find that steam hammers, forges, lathes, and other appliances in the fitting, smiths', and boiler shops are in full swing; so a stranger cannot fail to be struck with the singular combination of energy and perseverance of these wonderful people, who within the past few years have thus almost by themselves laid the foundation of a steam navy, and taken quite naturally to a modern science which was to them altogether unknown, notwithstanding the difficulties encountered at every step. The docks are excellent specimens of work. The longest is 395 feet, in which the *Challenger* was placed, and remained for a week, undergoing certain repairs to the rudder, etc.

Near the village of Hasemura stands the famous bronze figure of Buddha, called in Japanese Dai-butsu; the approach to it is through a very beautiful avenue of evergreens. The immense casting, although not in one piece, is so cleverly jointed as almost to avoid detection. It stands upwards of 50 feet in height. Its interior is hollow, and forms a temple, where are numerous gilt idols. A priest in attendance disposes of historical books and photographs of this great divinity.

On the 25th May we left for a cruise through the inland sea. It seems impossible to do justice to the beauty of the scenery here. Assuredly I cannot paint its loveliness adequately by any words of mine. There appears to be an extensive traffic, from the vast number of junks and coasting-steamers daily met with, and swarms of fishing-boats seem to abound everywhere, making quite a lively scene.

The Inland Sea.

THROUGH THE VIRGINIAS.

I.

RUINS OF JAMESTOWN, VIRGINIA.

FEW places on this continent should have more interest to the English-speaking tourist than the picturesque region known in affectionate phrase as the "Old Dominion." Here first in this Western world English colonization took root, and English valour and English heroism invested with imperishable interest the story of those early days. It will not be inappropriate for us in this New Dominion of the North to look back to that Old Dominion of the South, and to gain, by the aid of pen and pencil, glimpses of the noble scenery of that ancient inheritance of our fathers from which so many of the early founders of Canada have come.

Jamestown, the first English "plantation," as it was called, is now a ruin-mound. A part of the old church tower, shown in the vignette, and some crumbling tomb-stones, are all that remain of that ill-fated settlement.

Richmond, the capital of the State, is beautifully situated, around the falls of the James River, about seventy-four miles from its mouth. It has a population of sixty thousand, and is the centre of a great export trade in flour and tobacco. The latter employs nearly 6,000 persons, and the flour mills are among the largest in the world. All around the city are traces of the vigorous efforts made for its defence, in the long lines of earthworks by which it is engirdled.

The great through route by which the State is traversed is the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway. It traverses one of the most picturesque and romantic regions east of the Rocky Mountains,

and exhibits some of the greatest triumphs of engineering skill on the continent. In June 1884 we travelled over that magnificent road and we shall endeavour here to describe some of its more remarkable scenes.

Since the war, the agricultural system of Virginia has experienced great changes, mainly from the changed conditions of labour. The primitive modes of cultivation are giving place to improved methods, the exhaustive tobacco culture is less exclusively followed, and exuberant fertility of the soil amply rewards the labour of the husbandman. The mineral resources of the State

Water Gap—Source of the James River.

are very great,—coal, iron, lead, copper, sulphur, and salt abound, and are only in the infancy of their development.

A noble monument of the enlightened liberality of the State is the University of Virginia, in the vicinity of the beautiful town of Charlottesville. This noted institution of learning was founded by Thomas Jefferson, under a legislative enactment of 1817–18. It is steadily recovering its beautiful surroundings, its halls, arcades, scientific appliances, paintings and cabinets, a place of more than ordinary interest to the educated visitor.

The principal industry of the mountain regions of Virginia is coal and iron mining, and the rafting of timber. At frequent intervals will be observed nestling in quiet valleys, gaunt black furnaces for the reduction of iron, and frequent yawning chasms, shafts, drifts, or adits for reaching the subterranean mines. The

THE BARRIERS OF THE ALLEGHANIES.

mineral wealth is immense, but is only as yet partially developed. According to the eminent Canadian geologist, Prof. F. Sterry Hunt, the Blue Ridge Mountains are as rich in sulphur as those of Spain. Plumbago, gypsum, salt, gold, and silver is also found, but from lack of enterprise, or capital, or skill, almost nothing

was done toward their extraction under the slavery *regimé*. A quickened industry under the stimulus of free labour promises a brighter future to the Old Dominion.

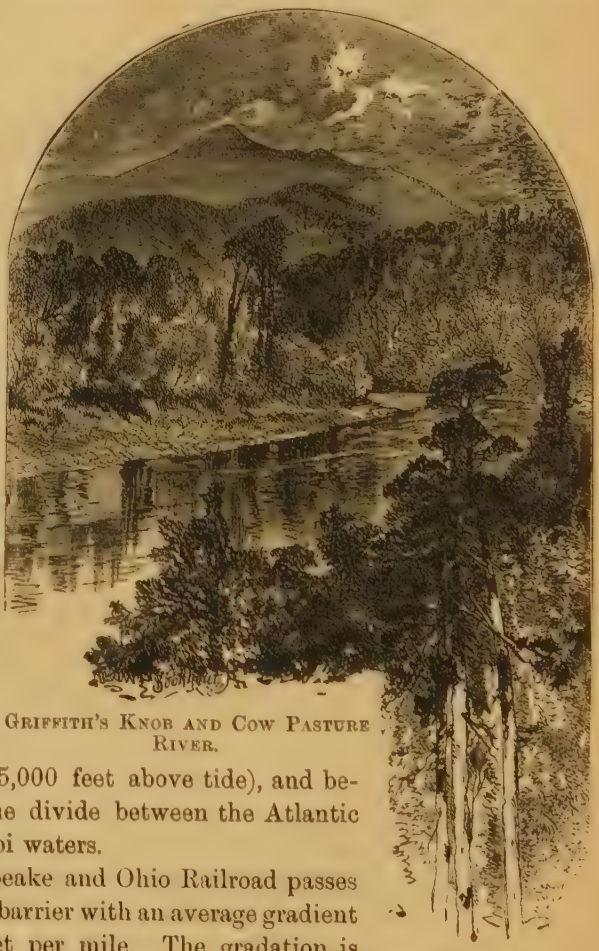
One of the grandest sections of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway is that through the winding valley of the Greenbrier and the New Rivers. The Rhine owes no little of its attractiveness to

Miner's Shanty.

the battlements on its steeps. The New River is not indeed like the Rhine in depth or breadth; but it has features of its own. Now it is a broad stream leisurely chattering to the woods that overhang it; anon it is in a narrower bed scolding the rocks as large as houses, that have intruded themselves upon it from the hillsides, of which they grew weary. But for giant cliffs—Eagles' Nests, Lovers' Leaps, Drachenfels—and mountain fastnesses in ruins, the New River can compete with any stream of travelled lands. As one is whirled along, it is difficult to say what challenges most admiration—the river below, the cliffs above, the graceful lines of the hills, the moving shadows over the green

slopes of the mountain side, or the sublime audacity that dared to run a railroad through such a region.

The Blue Ridge range of mountains first takes its distinctive name at Harper's Ferry on the Potomac, and retains it through Virginia, the Carolinas, and Georgia. It is an outlying or flank range of the Alleghany chain, with an average elevation of 2,500 to 3,500 feet above the sea level, with spurs or peaks occasionally higher, and with frequent depressions or gaps. It is penetrated by the James River; but south of the James, the Blue Ridge rises in elevation (in Northern Georgia over 5,000 feet above tide), and becomes the true divide between the Atlantic and Mississippi waters.



Griffith's Knob and Cow Pasture River.

The Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad passes this mountain barrier with an average gradient of seventy feet per mile. The gradation is heavy; with much rock excavation, three spur tunnels, and the main tunnel, 4,260 feet in length, under the Ridge Summit. At the date of its construction this tunnel was one of the longest in the United States, and having been driven without shafts, it was the subject of much notice in public and professional circles.

One of the most beautiful panoramic views, or succession of

views, on the line of this railroad, is presented in the Blue Ridge ascent. The upper valleys of the Rock Fish River and its branches are spread out far below, enclosed on the left by the south-west range of hills, and opposite by the more elevated Blue Ridge—with a very pleasing contrast of wild and cultivated ground, of farms, groves, and vineyards opposed by rocks, ravines, and the roughest aspects of mountain scenery. Nature is seldom seen more picturesque, or human art in bolder undertaking.

Buffalo Gap, 2,070 feet above tide-level, is the highest grade elevation of the entire line. Immediately to the northward of this summit gap rises "Griffith's Knob" (the Great North Mountain), to a height of 4,480 feet above the sea; it is another signal station of the United States Coast Survey.

The Virginia Military Institute, Lexington, Va.

Lexington is an educational centre, and from its vicinity to the Natural Bridge and other interesting localities, is much visited. The Washington-Lee University, founded by General Washington, and afterwards presided over by General Lee, continues its excellent course of instruction, with an able staff of professors and the necessary apparatus and library facilities for an institution of its grade. The Virginia Military Institute, a picturesque castellated looking structure, sustains its high reputation as the first military school of the Southern States. Covington, at the eastern foot of the Alleghany foot-hills, is the commencement of the ascending grades of the great water divide between the Atlantic and the Mississippi. The road ascends by

a grade of sixty feet per mile a rugged mountain slope, with excavations and embankments following each other in rapid succession, unequalled, it is believed, in any other country. There are many cuts over a hundred feet in depth, and the slopes of some reach even to a hundred and fifty feet. The embankments are equal in magnitude. That over "Moss Run" is a hundred

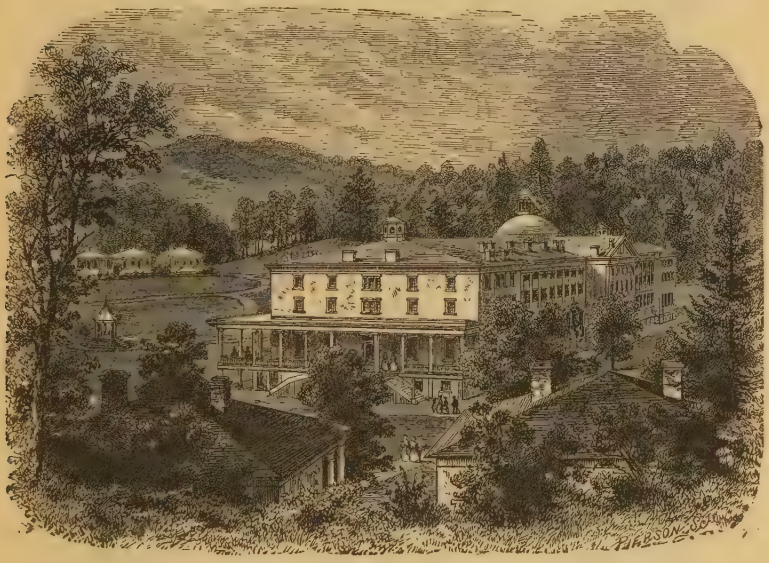
JERRY'S RUN.

and forty feet in depth; over Jerry's Run a hundred and eighty-five feet. But even these huge masses are dwarfed by the mighty hills which surround them, so insignificant are the works of man when brought face to face with those of nature.

The health resorts on the line of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway, comprise every variety, from the famous "Mecca," where fashion's votaries make their yearly pilgrimage, to the quiet retreat where families find summer homes. Waters which possess healing efficacy for every infirmity to which the human frame is subject, are found at the far-famed Virginia Springs. Last, and not least, for invalid and pleasure-seeker at every

watering-place and every quiet retreat, scenery of rare beauty and air unsurpassed for healthfulness are found.

The most celebrated of all these "Fountains of Health" is the White Sulphur Springs, in Greenbrier County, West Virginia Nestling down in the bosom of the Alleghanies, and overshadowed by blue mountains, the little valley in which the famous White Sulphur fountain bubbles up in a jewel of natural loveliness, and even without the attraction of its remarkable waters, would charm by its freshness, beauty, and repose. In this quiet nook, one stands face to face with nature, and nature in her aspect of



White Sulphur Springs, Virginia.

greatest picturesqueness, her most wooing attraction. The spot has the first and most important elements of a summer resort—remoteness from cities, landscape beauty, and a delicious atmosphere. The "White" has indeed become one of the most celebrated watering-places in the world. Many hundreds of miles from the Atlantic cities, and perched in its fastnesses two thousand feet above the sea, it was long inaccessible almost beyond its mountain barrier, which no railway had pierced; but this obstacle is now overcome; a continuous line of railway connects it with the East and the West; and with the ever-growing facilities of travel, it promises to become the resort of thousands.

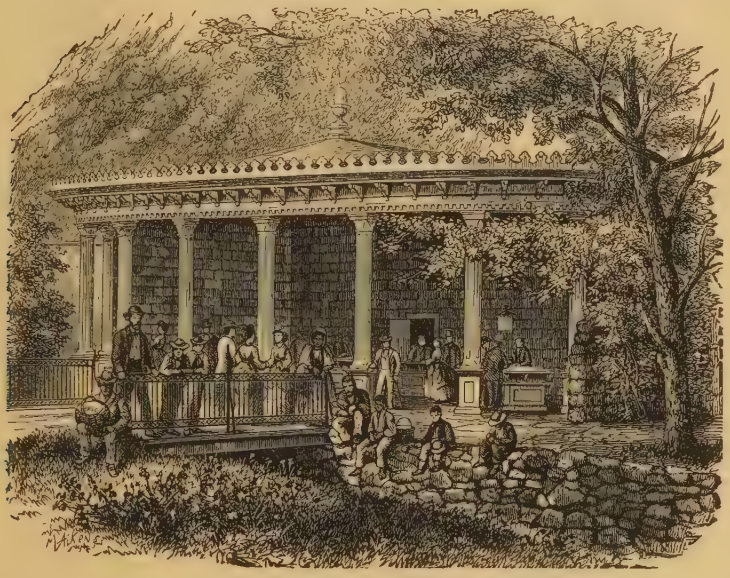
Nothing could be more charming than the landscape as it first salutes the eyes of the visitor, weary of the glare and turmoil of cities. Before him lies a little valley embowered in foliage, with nothing to mar its peaceful beauty. All around are mountains

Falling Spring Falls.

—mountains—mountains; the near slopes clothed in deep green pines, oaks, maples, laurels, and rhododendrons; the distant ranges rolling away like (there is no other comparison) blue waves of the ocean. Over all trail in summer days the great

cloud shadows, concealing, then revealing, from moment to moment, some enchanting detail of the scene, and the murmur of the mountain wind in the pines lulls the mind to reverie and dreams.

The grounds of the "White" embrace about forty acres, and are laid out with great taste. In the centre stands the main hotel, a plain building 400 feet in length, with a dining-room 300 feet long and 140 wide, which seats at its round tables about 1,200 guests. The lodging capacity of the watering-place may



Spring House, Rockbridge Alum Springs, Va.

be set down at about 2,000. On terraces all around the grounds are long rows of cottages, with their neat façades and their plain but comfortable rustic furniture.

All mere descriptions of landscapes must be humdrum and disappointing, and at best are but catalogues, so to say, of a gallery of pictures. This is especially the case when one attempts to describe the scenery of the Virginia mountains with their affluent glories; but the brief outline here given may convey a general idea of the valley of the "White." The whole locality, as we have said, is a gem of natural loveliness, with which art has had little or nothing to do—a tract of emerald

meadow and foliage, encircled and embraced, as it were, by the loving arms of blue mountains, stretching far off to the blue horizon, into which they melt imperceptibly and are lost. There is no doubt that this landscape beauty enlivens the spirits and freshen the faculties of enjoyment.

A very marked feature of this watering-place is the devout respect paid to the Sabbath. Throughout the day a profound quiet pervades the grounds, and the hotel and various places of

On the "C. & O. Railway."

worship are filled with attentive auditors. Clergymen of every denomination visit the springs, where they are warmly welcomed by the cordial and liberal proprietor, and religious services constitute a regular part of the programme on every Sunday.

Half-way between Goshen and Lexington, and on the banks of the North River, are beautifully located the "Rockbridge Baths," which afford many attractions as a summer resort for either invalids or pleasure-seekers. The water is very beneficial for all cutaneous diseases, and is highly strengthening and invigorating in cases of general debility; rheumatism and affections of the liver also receive much relief from its use.

Fourteen miles beyond Lexington is the famous Natural Bridge, which, crossing Cedar Creek with a bold span of ninety-three feet, is perhaps the most celebrated natural curiosity of Virginia. Its height, 215 feet, is greater than that of the Falls of Niagara, and for sublimity, grace and beauty, it is one of the rarest wonders of nature. It is too well known by description to attempt such repetition here, but no description can prepare the visitor for the revelation of its awe-inspiring and majestic beauty.

JUNCTION OF GREENBRIER AND NEW RIVER.

One of the most striking charms of the scenery in these mountain resorts is the number of cascades with which the entire region abounds. Conspicuous for its beauty is Falling Springs, shown in one of our engravings. Another is Beaver Dam Falls, which precipitates itself over the cliffs with a noise and pother exceeding that of the famous cascade of Lodore.

Another element of beauty is its picturesque river system—especially the valleys of the Greenbrier and New Rivers, whose junction is shown in the accompanying cut.

LIFE.

FOR life to me is as a station
Wherein apart a traveller stands—
One absent long from home and nation
In other lands;

And I, as he who stands and listens,
Amid the twilight's chill and gloom,
To hear approaching in the distance,
The train for home!

—*Longfellow.*

CHAUCER.

BY THE REV. ALFRED H. REYNAR, M.A.,

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CHAUCER.

CHAUCER was the first great English poet, he may also be called the first great Englishman. Our ideal of a "fine old English gentleman" is not the same as our ideal of a Saxon. The Saxon is sober, even sombre, and, if not solitary, he is at best domestic, but he is not social. The typical Englishman has a clear head, a sprightly temper and social grace that never came from the Saxon stalk or from German forests, but from Norman blood and from the vine-clad hills of sunny France. With this social light and grace the Englishman retains the sterling qualities of his Saxon ancestors—the moral earnestness that puts duty before glory, and truth before brilliance, the domestic instinct that puts home and wife and children before society; the individuality and independence that will not stoop to the slavery of fashion or of creed.

The characteristics of the Norman, and by implied contrast the characteristics of the Saxon, are thus given by Taine:

> The movement of his [the Norman's] intelligence is nimble and prompt like that of his limbs; at once and without effort he seizes upon his idea. But he seizes that alone; he leaves on one side all the long entangling off-shoots whereby it is entwined and twisted among its neighbouring ideas; he does not embarrass himself with nor think of them; he detaches, plucks, touches but slightly, and that is all. He is deprived, or, if you prefer it, he is exempt from those sudden half-visions which disturb a man and open up to him instantaneously vast deeps and far perspectives. Images are excited by internal commotion; he, not being so moved, imagines not. He is only moved superficially, he is without large sympathy; he does not perceive an object as it is, complex and combined, but in parts, with a discursive and superficial knowledge. That is why no race in Europe is less poetical.

The difference of intellectual nature here indicated was accompanied by other differences. In the Norman the æsthetic bent was much stronger than in the Saxon, whilst in the Saxon the ethical tendency was stronger than in the Norman. Again, the strong social instinct of the Norman made him largely the creature of society, fashion, authority; it gave to the race a *solidarity*—to use a French word for a French thing—in which the individual feels lost when he stands alone and never seems to find himself till he is lost in the mass, in society, on the crowded *boulevard*, in the *café*, in a great visible church, or in a great nation. The Saxon, on the other hand, was marked in all things by the strongest individuality. He felt best when he stood alone, his home was his castle, his own conscience and judgment the rule of faith and life, and his personal choice and vote the ground of his allegiance.

Now there were in England from the Norman Conquest till about the time of Chaucer these two races and two languages, Saxon and Norman, but from that time the two were blended into one—the English. Chaucer is of abiding interest to us as an early and illustrious example of this composite character. Gower, the literary friend of Chaucer, once apologized for bad French by saying that he was an Englishman. He was rather a Saxon labouring after a good style in French and Latin. As well might an ox emulate the pace of a race-horse. Gower laboured to speak as he heard others speak, and learn what others had thought and then teach what he had learned; but Chaucer saw and felt and thought for himself, and his language was the per-

fection of art in that it was the most simple and direct expression of all that passed in his own soul.

It is recorded on Chaucer's tombstone that he died on the 25th of October, 1400 A.D., but there is some uncertainty as to the year of his birth. The old biographers give 1328, following, it is supposed, an old slab or shield in Westminster Abbey, the predecessor of the present tombstone, erected in 1556 by Nicholas Brigham.*

We have no information concerning Chaucer's education or academic training, but considering the opportunities of his times and his readiness to make the best of such opportunities we may reasonably suppose him to have studied at Oxford or Cambridge. This is mere conjecture, however, notwithstanding some familiarity with university life that Chaucer shows in the "Canterbury Tales." But we do know that Chaucer was a student—he studied books, he studied nature, he studied human life and character. He often tells us of his love of books, as in the "House of Fame,"—

> "For when thy labour all done is †
> And hast y-made thy reckonings
> Instead of rest and newë things
> Thou go'st home to thy house anon
> And all so dumb as any stone,
> Thou sittest at another book,
> Till fully dazed is thy look;
> And livest thus as a hermite
> Although thine abstinence is lite."

His loving study of both books and nature finds expression in the "Legend of Good Women":

> "And as for me though that I know but lite
> On bookës for to read I me delight,

* The inscription on this venerable monument, in the Poet's Corner, is now almost illegible. It reads thus:—

M. S.
QUI FUIT ANGLORUM VATES TER MAXIMUS OLIM,
GALFRIDUS CHAUCER CONDITUR HOC TUMULO
ANNUM SI QUÆRAS DOMINI, SI TEMPORA VITÆ
ECCE NOTÆ SUBSUNT, QUÆ TIBI CUNCTA NOTANT.
25 OCTOBRIS 1400.
ÆRUMNARUM REQUIES MORS.
N. BRIGHAM HOS FECIT MUSARUM NOMINE SUMPTUS
1556.

† Chaucer was Comptroller of Customs 1374–1386.

And to them give I faith and good credénce,
And in my heart have them in reverence,
So heartily that there is gamë none
That from my bookës maketh me to go'n,
But it be seldom on the holy day;
Save certainly that when the month of May
Is comen, and I hear the fowlës sing,
And that the flowers ginnen for to spring
Farewell my book and my devotion!"

Chaucer may or may not have been a college student, but he certainly was a student, for his writings show that he was familiar with classic learning and with the modern languages and literature and science of his times. In our day more than in Chaucer's, education is helped by books, but it is also true that education is now sometimes embarrassed and hindered by books as it was not then. In fact, we sometimes neglect education in the pursuit of learning—of *book-learning*, as it is sometimes called, with a touch of scorn not always undeserved. In the good old times young gentlemen had not so much of the school and college as they have now, but they had far more of the hall and court and camp. Would that our students had some of the advantages of the page and squire of old, so would they be saved from the prejudice often felt against a good student as a man whose head may be filled with learned lumber, but who does not count for much either in the business or in the amenities of life. The brilliant French historian of our literature thus summarizes Chaucer's curriculum of life:

"He belonged to it [the world of his age] though learned and versed in all branches of scholastic knowledge; he took such part in it that his life from end to end was that of a man of the world and a man of action. We find him alternately in King Edward's army, in the king's train, husband of a queen's maid of honour, a pensioner, a placeholder, a deputy in parliament, a knight, founder of a family that was afterward to become allied to royalty. Moreover, he was in the king's council, brother-in-law of the Duke of Lancaster, employed more than once in open embassies or secret missions at Florence, Genoa, Milan, Flanders, Commissioner in France for the marriage of the Prince of Wales, high up and low down in the political ladder, disgraced, restored to place. This experience of business, travel, war, the court was not like a book education."

With Chaucer's appearance we are familiar though his body has returned to the dust more than four hundred years ago.

Occleve, one of the poet's friends and admirers, and himself a poet and an artist, painted from memory a portrait of his "worthy master," as he calls him, and writes thus of him in the book that contains the picture:

> "Although his life be quenched, the résemblance
> Of him hath in me so fresh liveliness,
> That to put other men in rémembrance
> Of his persón I have here his likeness
> Made, to this end in very soothfastness,
> That they that have of him lost thought and mind
> May by the painting here again him find."

This portrait impresses one at the first glance with a sense of life-likeness that could only come from one who bore his resemblance in "fresh liveliness." It represents Chaucer in the attitude of "a quiet talker with downcast eyes, but sufficiently erect bearing of body. One arm is extended and seems to be gently pointing some observation which has just issued from the poet's lips. . . .

The Tabard Inn, Southwark.

The features are mild but expressive, with just a suspicion—certainly no more—of saturnine or sarcastic humour. The lips are full and the nose is what is called good by the learned in such matters."*

Besides the portraits we have also some word-paintings that agree with the work of pencil and brush. The poet gives us a description of himself in the words of the burly Harry Baily, the host of the Tabard:

> "And then at first he looked upon me
> And saide thus: 'What man art thou?' quoth he;
> 'Thou lookest as thou wouldest find a hare,
> For ever on the ground I see thee stare.

* English men of letters.

Approach more near and lookë merrily !
Now 'ware you, sirs, and let this man have space,
He in the waist is shaped as well as I ;
This were a puppet in an arm to embrace
For any woman, small and fair of face
He seemeth elfish by his countenance,
For unto no wight doth he dalliance.' "

Urry, one of the early editors and biographers, describes him thus :

" He was of middle stature, the latter part of his life inclinable to be fat and corpulent. . . . . His face was fleshy, his features just and regular, his complexion fair and somewhat pale, his hair of a dusky yellow, short and thin ; the hair of his beard in two forked tufts, of a wheat colour ; his forehead broad and smooth ; his eyes inclined usually to the ground, which is intimated by the host's words ; his whole face full of liveliness, a calm, easy sweetness, and a studious venerable aspect."

Chaucer's years of literary activity fall naturally into three periods—the first (till 1372), in which his writings were largely translations or imitations from the French; the second (1372-1384), in which he was chiefly influenced by Italian models; and the third (1384-1400), in which his English genius reached its maturity and his own originality was most marked. In the transition from one period to another there is no sudden break, but only an easy, natural development.

The "Romaunt of the Rose" was an English version of a French work begun by William of Lorris and finished by John of Meung. In the first part of this allegorical love-poem we have all the romance and sentiment which beautified the knightly world, and in the second part full play is given to the critical and satirical temper that marks the dawn of an age of independent thought and feeling. In all the early modern literature of Europe we see that the young nations are learning to think their own thoughts about the traditional and conventional religion and morality, and society and politics, and we find promise of the deep feeling and earnest action of oncoming reformations and revolutions. In the " Romaunt of the Rose," Chaucer did little beyond translating and condensing the work of the French masters. The French method of treatment is retained, the hypocrisy and immorality are looked at from the artistic point of view—they are amusing eccentricities or departures from ideals. In his last period Chaucer writes in the Teutonic spirit, and presents more

frequently for the love and worship of mankind the noble examples of conformity to the true, the beautiful and the good.

The "Book of the Duchess" is another of Chaucer's early works. It commemorates the Duchess Blanche, wife of John of Gaunt. In this work Chaucer is already breaking away from the artificialities of his romantic masters and finding his way to the beautiful in real life and to the charm of natural expression.

In the second or Italian period we notice "The House of Fame," "Troilus and Cressida," and the "Knight's Tale." In the "House of Fame" he dreams that he is carried away by an eagle to a sublime region between heaven and earth and sea. Here he finds the temple of fame. It is on a great rock of ice covered with the names of famous men :

"Many were melted or melting away, 'but the graving of the names of men of old fame was as fresh as if just written, for they were conservëd with the shade.' . . . . Of the goddess who sat within. Some asked fame for their good works, and were denied good or bad fame. Others who had deserved well were trumpeted by slander. Others obtained their due reward. Some who had done well desired their good works to be hidden, and had their asking. Others made like request, but had their deeds trumpeted through the clarion of gold some who had done nothing, asked and had fame for deeds only to be done by labour. Others who had asked like favour were jested at through the black clarion. Chaucer himself refused to be petitioner. Enough, if his name were lost after his death, that he best knew what he suffered, what he thought. He would drink, he said, of the cup given to him and do his best in his own art."

The story of "Troilus and Cressida" is an old story, taken by Chaucer from Petrarch and by Petrarch from Boccaccio. In the winter of 1372-73 Chaucer was in Italy. It was the year before Petrarch made his Latin translation of Boccaccio's story. It has been supposed that Chaucer received the story from Petrarch's own lips. However this may be, it is hard to believe that Chaucer would not seek the acquaintance of Petrarch when he had the opportunity to do so, and when we read the following passage from the "Canterbury Tales" there seems to sigh through it the feeling of one who laments the taking off of a man whom he had known and loved. It is a tale the clerk says :

"The which that I
Learned at Padova of a worthy clerk,
As proved by his wordës and his werk.
He is now dead and nailed in his chest,

I pray to God to give his soul good rest.
Francis Petrarc', the laureate poéte,
Hightë this clerk, whose rhetoric so sweet
Illumed all Itaile of poetry."

"Troilus and Cressida" is a tale of ancient Troy, diversified with characters and incidents from all times and lands. Writers of the fourteenth century had no fear of anachronisms before their eyes. Calchas, the seer of Troy, knowing the coming doom of the city, deserts to the Greeks, and leaves behind him his daughter Cressida. Troilus, the brother of Hector, is smitten with the love of Cressida. Pandarus, her uncle, succeeds after many difficulties in giving the lovers to each other. Troilus is ennobled by his faithful love, but Cressida, who is restored during a truce to her father amongst the Greeks, proves inconstant. Troilus seeks in battle the Greek warrior, Diomede, who has stolen the love of Cressida, but after prodigies of valour he is slain by Achilles, the invincible. Unsavoury as this tale is still in parts, it is greatly purified in the passage from the Continental to the English form. It is not from the Pandarus of Chaucer that our word to *pander* is taken; and even Cressida in her unfaithfulness has qualities that move us to pity as well as blame. Moreover, Chaucer does not dwell, like the Italian poet, on the thoughtless and erring beauty, but on the innocence and freshness of her first love. And in the end, when the spirit of Troilus is taken to the seventh sphere, he looks down with wonder and pity on the folly of men who seek a perfect love in imperfect human nature. The poet closes the tale with this exhortation, good for all time:

"O young and freshë folkë, he or she,
In which that love upgroweth with your age,
Repairë home from worldly vanity,
And in your heart upcastë the viságe
To thilkë [that] God, that after His imáge
You made, and think that all is but a fair,
This world that passeth soon, as flowers fair!

And lovë Him, the which that, right for love,
Upon a cross, our soulës for to bey [*buy*],
First starf [*died*] and rose, and sits in heav'n above;
For He will falsë [*deceive*] no wight, dare I say,
That will his heart all wholly on Him lay;
And since He best to love is, and most meek,
What needeth feigned lovës for to seek?"

The "Knight's Tale" is of the second period, though contained in the "Canterbury Tales." We have not space to dwell on it, but if the reader would study some of Chaucer's best poems in the best form and with the best annotations, he will find his work in a volume from the Clarendon Press Series containing this tale, "The Prologue" and the "Nonne Preste's Tale."

Here we reach the greatest of Chaucer's works, and the last that we will mention—"The Canterbury Tales." In this work Chaucer still follows the prevailing taste for stories, but he follows more freely than before his personal and national bent in choice of subject and mode of treatment. In the following passage Lowell describes the style of this work:

"His best tales run on like one of our inland rivers, sometimes hastening a little and turning upon themselves in eddies that dimple without retarding the current; sometimes loitering smoothly, while here and there a quiet thought, a tender feeling, a pleasing image, a golden-hearted verse, opens quietly as a water-lily, to float on the surface without breaking it into ripple."

CANTERBURY PILGRIMS.

It is this ease and naturalness that makes Chaucer the favourite that he is. With him is nothing strained or forced, we have not to labour in sympathy with him in our effort to follow him. Neither does he take us away to some other world to show us something tender or beautiful or strong, but he simply disenchants us from the blinding power of familiarity and lo! the common world is found still to contain the bright May morning, and the sparkling dew, and the tender green, and the "wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower," and in our common lives are characters in whom we recognize the features of the squire and knight, the lawyer and doctor, the jolly host of the Tabard and the "poor parson of a town."

Another notable feature of this work is its dramatic spirit. Here again Chaucer appears as the father of modern literature, and the herald of the great age of action and progress that was coming on. In the collections of tales before Chaucer, we do not think of the persons who tell the tales, but only of the persons and times of whom they tell. In Chaucer we never lose interest in the men and women who are speaking to us, their characters and histories, and what they say and what they do. It is not too much to say that in the "Canterbury Tales," for the first time in modern literature, we find the marks of a genius that would afterwards have rejoiced in the life and movement of the Elizabethan drama; or, later still, in the character and incident of the modern novel.

To us, one of the most interesting things in the "Canterbury Tales" and other writings of Chaucer in this period is the growing ascendency of the ethical and modern and English spirit. The old Teutonic reverence for woman, of which the Roman Tacitus speaks with admiration, is reasserting itself and superseding the mock reverence of flattery that is still so dear to the Gallic mind. No one admires more than Chaucer the sweetness and beauty and innocence of maidenhood, but he is not carried away with a French flutter of ecstasy at sight of a pretty girl. It is the good wife and mother that commands his deepest reverence and admiration So may it ever be with Englishmen.

"This reading of love," says Morley, "and the use of the daisy as its type, is Chaucer's own, repeated sometimes in form, and in spirit pervading all the work of his life. For Chaucer alone in his time felt the whole beauty of womanhood, and felt it most in its most perfect type, in wifehood with the modest graces of the daisy, with its soothing virtues, and its power of healing inward wounds. Physicians in his day ascribed such power to the plant which, by heaven's special blessing, was made common to all, the daisy, outward emblem also of the true and pure wife in its heart of gold and its white crown of innocence."

In Chaucer we find, too, a reverence for true religion that is not overborne by contempt and disgust of the ignorance and hypocrisy which have so often brought discredit on sacred things. He tells of the itinerant peddler of indulgences:

> "His wallet lay before him in his lap
> Bret-ful of pardons come from Rome all hot."

So, too, he tells us of the friar, "a wanton and a merry."

"Full sweetëly heard he confession
And pleasant was his absolution.
He was an easy man to give penánce
There as he wist to have a good pittánce."

But he gives also another picture—that of the faithful minister of the Gospel:

"A good man there was of religión
That was a poorë Parson of a town:
But rich he was of holy thought and werk:
He was also a learned man, a clerk
That Christë's Gospel truly wouldë preach
His parishens devoutly would he teach. . . . .
Wide was his parish, and houses far asunder
But he ne left not for no rain nor thunder
In sickness and in mischief to visit
The farthest in his parish much and lit,
Upon his feet, and in his hand a staff.
This noble exsample to his sheep he gaf
That first he wrought and afterward he taught. . .
He waited after no pomp nor reverence,
Nor maked him a spiced conscién ce
But Christë's love, and His apostles twelve
He taught, and first he followed it himselve."

Two other ideals of Chaucer we give: the first is his ideal of a gentleman. The germ of this is from Dante, but in more than one passage Chaucer develops it for the satisfaction of his honest, English common sense.

"But for ye speaken of such gentleness
As is descended out of old richéss
That therefore shallë ye be gentleman;
Such arrogancy is not worth a hen.
Look who that is most virtuous alway,
Prive and apert [*in private and in public*] and most intendeth aye
To do the gentle deedës that he can;
And take him for the greatest gentleman."

Chaucer's ideal of a true king may be gathered from two passages—one as follows, from a ballad sent to King Richard II.:

"O Prince! desirë to be honourable;
Cherish thy folk and hate extortion;

Suffer no thing that may be reprovable
To thine estate, done in thy regiön ;
Show forth the sword of castigatiön ;
Dread God, do law, love thorough worthiness,
And wed thy folk again to steadfastness ! "

The next passage is from Chaucer's complaint to his purse, addressed to King Henry IV.:

" O conqueror of Brutës Albion,
Which by lineage and free electiön
Be very king, this song to you I send ;
And ye which may all minë harm amend,
Have mind upon my supplicatiön."

Canterbury Cathedral.

The first passage might do for a remonstrance to King Charles presented by some long-suffering Cavalier, and the second might be introduced into a poetic welcome to William and Mary. Before leaving this, it is pleasing to note that Henry Lancaster did not forget the supplication of Chaucer. Within four days of his coming to the throne Henry raised Chaucer for life out of the neglect and poverty into which he had fallen.

John Wycliffe was Chaucer's illustrious contemporary; he died fifteen or sixteen years before the poet. For a long time Wycliffe was protected by the great Duke of Lancaster, who was also Chaucer's patron. It is impossible therefore to suppose that Chaucer was not familiar with Wycliffe and his work, but we have no statement of Chaucer's by which we can say positively that he was either a partisan or an opponent of Wycliffe. We do know, however, that Chaucer was heartily opposed to the religious degeneracy of the times and so far in sympathy with Wycliffe. We know also that Chaucer was a hearty admirer of the true minister of the Gospel, and the description of the parson, given above, is in some of its features peculiarly Wycliffite. No one thinks of Chaucer's parson as a good *Churchman.* His object is not to teach and serve the Church.

"But Christë's love and His apostles twelve
He taught, but first he followed it himselve."

This freedom from a nauseous Church-ianity was a mark of the Wycliffite as it is of every one who knows the freedom of a Christian man. Again, the parson's wandering on foot from end to end of his parish, staff in hand, was a peculiarity for which the Lollard priests of the time were noted. The objections to the Lollard in the "Canterbury Tales" come from the swearing host and the rough shipman. As for the "Parson's Tale," to which we naturally look for evidence on this point, it is such medley of the Wycliffite and anti-Wycliffite, it is so incomplete, and withal so out of harmony with itself and with the character of the parson in the "Prologue," that we must rule its evidence out. The critics generally hold that this tale, or treatise rather, has not come down to us in its orginal form.

But the silence of Chaucer has a meaning. He was not willing apparently to take a strong stand with Wycliffe. The age was not ready to take such a stand. For a reformation in morals and practice there was a readiness, but not for a reformation that demanded sweeping changes in discipline and doctrine. The need of such a reformation did not yet appear, nor was it felt at a later age by Luther and his sober contemporaries till circumstances forced it upon them in spite of their fears and prejudices. What wonder therefore, if Chaucer, like many of the influential men of the age, held aloof from a movement that seemed to be running into fanaticism and heresy? And yet he could not take a strong stand against it because it was allied to a moral movement the need of which was deeply felt.

How gladly would we leave Chaucer here, with no word of any more serious fault or defect than an imperfect understanding of questions for which the world would not be ready for more than a hundred years. But there was a graver defect—there was a lack of moral sensitiveness and earnestness that has left its mark upon his work in a way that we must forever deplore. It is very true that there was a coarseness of taste and roughness of manner in those days that should not in fairness be judged by modern usages. Some of the collections of literary delicacies of those days remind one of a German cheese-stall, and we must pass through the writings of Chaucer sometimes holding our noses. Yet after making all charitable allowances for peculiarities of taste, we

cannot see how a man of thorough moral earnestness can deliberately make merry over tales of sin and shame. Chaucer himself feels this, and advises the reader to turn the page where some just cause of offence is to be found. There is much difference of opinion as to the genuineness of Chaucer's prayer or "Retractations" appended to the "Parson's Tale;" but, however the details of it may have been altered, we are not satisfied to pass it over as a fabrication made out of the whole cloth. There was room for retractation, and we cannot but think that in the quiet of his later years Chaucer must have reviewed his works, acknowledged frankly what was wrong in them, and thanked God, as we do now, for so much that is good.

INTERIOR OF CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

HARVEST.

WHEN the mountains are crowned with purple mist,
And the apples glow 'mid orchards green,
When the grapes droop low on the clambering vine,
And the morning air is frosty and keen,
When the maples are blazing with scarlet flame,
The gorgeous flame of the quivering leaves,
O, then do we gather the golden corn,
And bind it close in its ample sheaves.
We gather it in, our priceless hoard,
Ripened and crisped by the summer's glow,
And up to heaven we lift our thanks
For this gift of grain ere the winter snow.

—*Grace R. Thomas, in St. Nicholas.*

GOD'S GLORY ABOVE THE HEAVENS.

BY THE REV. W. H. DALLINGER, LL.D., F.R.S., F.L.S.,

A Lecture delivered in the James Ferrier Hall, Wesleyan Theological College, Montreal, Aug., 1884.

Psa. viii., v. 1-3-4.—O Lord, how excellent is Thy name in all the earth, who hast set Thy glory above the heavens. . . . When I consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which Thou hast ordained, what is man that Thou art mindful of him? or the Son of Man that Thou visitest him?

We will not venture to determine the period in the history of David when this lofty poem was composed. It is at least redolent of *memories* of a shepherd of life, and the unutterable calm of an eastern midnight, when "all the stars shine, and the immeasurable heavens break open to their highest," and in this lies the nucleus of its grandeur. In the opening sentence of the Psalm there is a grammatical difficulty, it is contained in the expression "who hast *set* Thy glory above the heavens." But the authorized version has evidently caught the spirit of the profoundest analysis. The Seventy render it more gorgeously: "For Thy magnificence is exalted above the heavens"—but in both versions the power of the poet's insight is preserved, and presented; which is that there is a glory in God too high for expression in matter: the essential sublimities of His nature are *above* the heavens. The heaven of heavens cannot *contain* Him. Few were ever interpenetrated with a consciousness of the greatness of nature more deeply than David. But to-day our insight is immeasurably greater. The vastness, the beauty, the overwhelming majesty in creation opened to modern thought, defies competent expression; in the direction of vastness alone how sublime is it! Unnumbered worlds in tireless motion; a motion so beautiful that it is purest music: not to the ear, but to the soul. Suns, carrying their dependent orbs with awful swiftness through untravelled space; and isolated universes of suns steered together through uncharted solitudes. Firmament on firmament of star suns, and out on the fringe of the very infinite, nebulæ beyond nebulæ curdling amain into new orbs, on the dilating verge, these are but the faintest outlines, of but a portion, of that

spoken greatness which arrests and kindles intellect to-day. Then is not all this in the sweep of its vastness, and the splendour of its detail, a fit portraiture of the infinite God Himself? Has even He any splendours which *it* cannot utter? Without question the universe as known to-day compels the deduction, that whenever or however it arose, it had its origin in a POWER infinite in capacity and extending through all extent. To the most atheous science, the universe proclaims the presence of such power. But does the creation that proclaims His *presence*, in the loftiest sense, proclaim His character, pronounce the measureless sublimities of His mind? Do the grandeur of heaven and the beauty of earth tell us all we long to know of their awful cause? Perhaps the *details* of created nature—carefully and broadly studied—might lead us haltingly up to the conviction that He was an *Intellectual Unity*. Perhaps to some mind He might be thought of as a Person; but created and evolved nature could do no more. The universe cannot of itself reveal the glory of its Author. Only the pale shadow of God's highest beauty flits among the stars. Luminous as they are, they need a higher light to make them indubitably declare the *intellectual* unity and grandeur of their Source. But there *is* a glory of God that is *higher* than intellect; and it is the *moral* splendour of His being. The attributes of the Spirit cannot be displayed in even the rainbow tints of sense. The subtleties of moral beauty, matter has no power to utter. God's *presence* is expressed in nature; but not His character. The grandeur of His *mind is* there, but not unequivocally the beauties of His *heart*. It is a truth forever profound, "His magnificence is exalted above the heavens." I desire to engage your minds with this line of thought, then, viz.: God's supremest glory is moral. Physical nature cannot utter this. But by revelation we have learned it. Then consider the works of His hands—the product of His mind—and see how profoundly He cares for, and is interested in *them*. May we now, then, as *moral* beings infer that His *moral* power would be equally exercised for the moral uplifting of our race?

I. There are many points in the physical nature of man which in some sense link him with the brute. But the empire of nature is his; all its forces animate and inanimate, within the reach of his arm, or of his intellect, are unresistingly tethered to his service. But is he *in vital attributes distinct* from the realm he

governs? As living organisms, are the highest and most differentiated brutes at an impassible distance from the lowest man? What are the features of man's nature, as man, which are inalienably his—of which the brute is no partaker, and which in *no sense* are shared by the realm of life below? Many such have been asserted, and the fiercest contests have been fought around them; many have vanished, some still remain; but I know of one which no vicissitudes can shake; no profundities of research can alter; it is that man alone PRAYS to the Infinite power that gave and that sustains his life. It has been said that it is the glory of man that he is erect; that his free brow fronts heaven. It may be; but I yet aver that the distinguishing and imperial attitude of man is *on his knees.* It is the royal condition on which he wears the crown of nature. Prayer is universal. In every age, in every clime, savage or civilized, man willingly or despite himself, has uttered, and does utter, his anticipation or his anguish in prayer. Curses, themselves, are but prayer inverted. In the written literature of the world's life prayer is an imperishable factor. The great river of petition gathers up its waters from the sobbing rills, and swelling rivulets of multiform prayer flowing out of every age and every clime. And it can never cease to flow. The act of prayer is immortal in the soul of man. Painting, sculpture, music, poetry can never perish while man perceives and loves the beautiful. And prayer "uttered or unexpressed" can never cease to move the soul, while man is conscious—forever—of an awful and uplifted presence on which his very being is pillowed. For the *existence* of such a being I shall not argue. He cannot be found or demonstrated by reasoning. The methods of science, and the positive philosophy, are too coarse to find him. We may penetrate into, and perceive, the exquisite adaptation of the physical universe, but we cannot push our way up to the splendid mystery of its *Cause.* The hard methods of induction are unsensitized to the subtle chemistry of the light that is *above* the heavens. The all-encircling plenum "God" reacts to no method used in the thousand laboritories of science. You must come to the facts of nature with your soul smitten into "fluorescence" by the light that is *above* the heavens, before God is indubitably seen.

Brethren, I speak from no cursory knowledge when I say that foremost amongst the noblest truth-seekers on this earth are the

leaders in the work and thought of science to-day. And can there be any nobler work? Is it not better to follow truth, though it lead to the grave of our hopes, than to be cushioned in lustful indolence upon the Delilah-lap of falsehood? Should any man under heaven believe in the grandeur of truth more than they who constitute the Christian Church? Do we not own her empire? Have we not circled her brow with the rarest crown and laid at her feet the whole empire of thought? Then, as truth seekers, let us ask what are the lessons to be derived from modern science? What can it teach us? It has laden the world with a glorious heritage; its facts have made our age luminous with intellectual beauty and promise. But says the anxious onlooker tossing on the troubled waters of doubt, swayed by the subtle and daring thought which distinguishes our times, "What does your splendid array of facts tell us of God—what is disclosed by it concerning the power from whom nature sprung? Can He—will He—care for us? Is He loving, just, pitiful? Are we more to Him than flowers or atoms? What can science tell us it has found concerning the character of God?" The answer is calm as it is fearless: "Nothing. We can nowhere *demonstrate* His presence; the method we have employed has led us to truths of the loftiest order, and to mysteries of the profoundest kind. But to a scientific proof of a personal God, we have nowhere come. Indeed, to *our method* He is non-existent." Such is the answer of the latest searchers; and need I say it is an answer which has shocked and roused to scorn the theological thought of the world. And yet it is profoundly true; it is the testimony of science to the unalterable power of the ancient question, "Canst thou by searching find out God, canst thou find out the Almighty to perfection?" *No.* The physical method is incompetent for so sublime a work; and the masters of research avow it. Science could never have discovered for us an adorable Deity. Then may we not calmly ask *why* should theology retort upon this confessed incompetence, "Then you are an atheist,—an infidel,—a materialist?" Such weapons I am free to declare are only forged in the armoury of pallied fear. They were not fashioned at the forge of charity, nor made to take form by the stalwart hands of faith. And the fear is absolutely groundless. Science is proving the validity of your Holy Book; it *cannot* find out God. But *that*—even to the men who make the avowal—is

no *denial* of His being; far otherwise. It is a simple declaration that if you find the Infinite Father as a Unity—a Personality—an adorable Power, you must come upon Him by other means than these. And is it not our very lifework to establish and amplify this truth? Is not this the rock on which the pillars of Christianity are based? "No man—in spite of the tireless inquest of the ages—hath *seen* God at any time; the only begotten Son which is in the bosom of the Father, He hath revealed Him." Is not the completed Gospel—the Christ of history, the only true response to the despairing affirmation of the latest science, "We cannot find God?" And does not He, as the consummation of all that preceded, reply, "Ye cannot; but He has been authoritatively revealed to you; and I have come to disclose His character—I and My Father are One?"

Depend upon it, if man *could* fathom the *meaning* of this universe it would be the work of a finite mind. And if by the tirelessness of research we could in very deed scientifically demonstrate the nature of the Source of all things, and by our methods prove Him to be there, He would be not only *finite* but *physical*. The demonstration would dethrone Him! The diadem of sovereignty would fall from His creature-brow, and verily the universe would be Godless!

It is true, by the study of nature men have formulated a *conception*, and *called* it God,—Spinoza's magnificent mind did this; but with what result? Simply that God and the universe were one. The splendour of the heavens, the beauties of the earth, and the soul of man were not God's creatures, they were God Himself. And never did naked intellect struggle so grandly with matter to find its source as did this lonely Jew.

And there can be no other result; when the scientific student of nature has reached the utmost verge of human knowledge, straining his eyes into the impenetrable darkness, he is compelled to exclaim, "It is above, and beyond and around all this that the true mystery of the universe is hidden."

II. And yet by a consent absolutely universal—a consent wide as the world, and far-reaching as history—man has in some form acknowledged and adored the unsearchable Power.

The philosophy of this fact I do not attempt. How the *Ego*, the I of human experience reached the *Thou* of Infinite personality I may not consider. Enough that it is an indisputable fact.

But I am bound to ask what is it *in* the unsearchable Power that the noblest spirits of every age have bowed down to it and adored? What is it that, in this age of thought and culture, impels enlightened Christendom to lift its hands and bow its knees to the Unseen? Not an intellectual abstraction filtered out of the facts of science? As well might you suppose that a tropical luxuriance could be called into life by moonlight on the Arctic hills. Go into nature and find if you *can* an object of adoration. You *must* make your own consciousness the foreground of the infinite perspective of your quest; but you may take with you the method of the sculptor, and from the rude block of your own intellectual life you may, as taught by the spirit of created things, cut into beauteous form the fair image they disclose; or you may take with you the method of the limner, and with the splendours of heaven and earth for your pallet, you may depict in form and colour a glorified abstraction. Look at it. Yes! its features are sublime. See how the *forces* of nature have stamped themselves on the subtle pencillings. The swirl of suns, the onward roll of countless universes—the awful energy in all things—this has depicted *Power*—calm, resistless, insentient, defiant Power. Can you worship that? No! You may tremble at it, but you cannot adore.

Look at the passionless splendour of your picture: you have been studying measureless activity—in invisible atoms and inaccessible suns. And everywhere you have seen the same impassible repose—the splendour of unconscious and eternal calm. Can you worship it? It awes you: but it does not bend your knee.

I can see traces in your mental picture that glow with evidence that you were awed by proofs of unsearchable wisdom, that you could find no limit to the greatness around you; while tints of benevolence gleam everywhere in your uplifted abstraction; though they are streaked and clouded; for dark hues of death and lurid shades of agony *would* flood your pallet. But there it stands in its imperfect grandeur: the mind's picture of the Godhead painted in the tints of nature. Does it kindle you into adoration? Does it fire you with a spirit of self-surrender? Do you feel for *it* "The speechless awe that dares not move and all the silent heaven of love." No! a thousand times No!

III. Then *what is it* in the unseen Power that softens us into

adoration, and lifts us into trust? Ah, it is something that is not found in pale planet, or in fiery sun. It is something which light cannot reveal, and which all the forces of Nature would combine in vain to symbolize or disclose. *It is the moral grandeur of the Infinite Nature.* He is holiness, He is truth, He is spiritual beauty. His throne is justice, His arm is righteousness, and His heart is love. It is this, and this only, that the soul of man can worship. But this is a magnificence *above* the heavens. Your chemistries cannot find it; your mathematics cannot symbolize it. Matter can take no form that will disclose it, in all the radiance of nature this supernal light is lacking. It is a light above the firmament; it is a glory above the heavens; it is a beauty seen from far;—the shimmer of that light in which *He* dwells; and which no man can approach unto.

And, sirs, this, and only this, is the reason why the Almighty is thought of and known as ineffably happy; *it is because He is good.*

The enlargement of a quality to infinity does not alter its nature. In Creator or in creature it is not splendour of circumstance, not magnificence of surroundings that makes happiness. God is not happy because He is circled by angels and throned amid stars. Happiness belongs *only* to condition. *He is good;* and thus He is *happy;* and it is the soft radiance of this moral magnificence that kindles our emotion and bends our knees.

How this inscrutable glory of the Almighty was first, in the far past, discovered to all the diverse branches of our race I know not. The morning rises on the night in forerunning streaks of purple; and in every age, amongst every people born to think, there have been noble spirits who have pillowed themselves upon a revealing God.

But the source and certainty of *our* knowledge is the Gospel —the life, the character and the mission of Christ. He was the brightness of the Father's glory, the express image of His Person. The otherwise unutterable perfections of the Deity *spoken* in a human life. He and His Father were one—He was the *Word* which nature could not articulate. And in what was the Revelation He brought us sublime and alone? Was it in the flash of omnipotent attributes—a hitherto unapproached dominion over law and force—that distinguished Him in His solitary greatness? No. Miracle there was, enough to attest His mission; but *His*

work was to utter the otherwise unutterable mind of God. The invisible glories shining above Nature, and to which the heavens and the earth were opaque, had taken form in His soul. He was illimitable in power, but it was the power of holiness and love. He was a King, but His empire was the spirit. He was God's unsearchable splendour of character—"manifest in the flesh"—the glory that is above the heavens revealed.

IV. Brethren, I have dwelt long on this, for it has a power and meaning in it. But I must lead you away from it now, that, furnished with other thoughts, we may approach it with an added meaning. It was a rare insight that enabled David to proclaim it. Few seers have soared so high. But the delicate poise which kept his spirit high enough to see the glory that was above the heavens, was broken; and he fell again to the more lurid lustre of suns and stars and universes. That strangely divine insight could be *but* transient; and when it vanished, and the physical magnificence of the universe took its place, one may not wonder that he fell to the human thought—"What—amid all this greatness—*is man* that *Thou* art mindful of him?"

David had enlarged and noble views of the physical universe; he was oppressed with its awful greatness, the minuteness of the earth and the meanness of man flashed vividly upon him; a speck in the measureless *All*, why should the ever-blessed One concern Himself with it? *What is man* in the unmeasured complexities of this vast creation? This is intensely human; it is the poet, not the seer, that speaks. When nature flings suggestions of the Infinite across the soul this thought *will* come. The Almighty may concern Himself with moving universes, or with moulding the plastic nebulæ into new realms of being; but this puny earth, and man, what are these "that HE should be mindful of them?"

But, brethren, knowing that the physical beauties around us *are* the product of a glorious mind; learning it not first from nature, but from God Himself, we may go to the "work of His fingers" to learn if He *does* lock Himself up with the *vast*:—to see if He does scorn the little and the lowly. Here and there, great and little, are not to God: and they certainly have no *true* place in the moral aspect of material things. Down to the uttermost verge of littleness the perfection of matter is absolute. The minutest objects in nature are those which are carved and

chiselled with the most entrancing beauty. Nature's motes and atoms are more superbly finished than its masses. The lowliest living thing, which must be magnified millions of times in area to be seen at all, is as perfectly adapted to its sphere as a swallow or a man. The great Power that wrought nature impressed the evidence of His care as much upon invisible organisms as upon peopled constellations. Could it be otherwise? As if the care and sovereignty of the Infinite could cease where our poor eyes must cease to follow! As if He, whose glory is above the heavens, would evolve *anything* over which His dominion would not stretch or His infinite benevolence be diffused!

No, brethren, I turn from David to Christ in *this* matter;—from the human poet in a human mood to the Divine Instructor. Stand by the margin of that sheltered slope in Galilee, its verdure tinted with the hues of the flowers—and hearken! It is Christ that speaks: "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: and yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. WHEREFORE, if God so clothe the grass of the field, . . shall He not much more clothe you?" Oh! that is a profounder insight! No suggestion of imperial splendours that cannot stoop to atoms there! David's wonder is the flutter of a human feeling; Christ's assurance is the placid utterance of a Divine truth. God cares for the lilies; but ye are more than lilies; then fear not for God's care for *you.* Study the *power* of that lesson; look at the beauty and the force of the illustration. See Solomon in his glory. He is robed and crowned and canopied with the richest and the rarest from the farthest land and sea. How came that splendour there? Did earth and air and sky combine, in unintelligent caprice to glorify the voluptuous King? *No;* it was the result of intelligence, wisdom, will, design. Then behold the *lily* in its outer beauty and its inner life. Whence came it? Was it chance—the fortuitous concourse of soulless atoms smiting each other in their reckless onrush,—that produced the lily and preserves it? No—affirms the Christ—it is God. Then if there be no fear for the lilies need I fear? No, brethren! We are pillowed on the bosom of the Everlasting, and why should we fear? Because He is infinite He cares for the lily: then let not *man* dishonor Him by supposing that He does not care for him.

V. What, then, have we learned? (1) That God's supremest glory is His moral beauty, and (2) that the evidences of His sovereign care in material things are as supreme in the minute as in the vast. There is one higher lesson. The lilies are cared for; but they know it not. Man—greater than the lilies—is cared for, and he may *know* it. He is in one respect above nature; he has been taught by Christ to call the everlasting God his Father. And what is the essence of fatherhood, but the impartation of the parental nature to the child? What is it but the giving of that which is purest and best in itself to its offspring?

Then what is the glory and beauty of God? What is that which is best in the infinite Father? His CHARACTER, His moral beauty, His spiritual holiness. Then if He will stoop to the soulless lily, to nurture and to paint *it*, will He not watch and ennoble the soul of man? Shall *we* commiserate the stricken, the fallen, the depraved, and He have no power to do so? Shall he who wrought the capacity for love and pity in us be without love and pity Himself? Shall He who planted the eye not see?

Brethren, can you care more for your house, and your vineries, and your pictures than you do for your child? Have you more interest in your chinking gold than in the beating heart of your eldest born? Then can you think that God cares more for passionless lilies than He does for the throbbing, yearning, sin-stricken soul of man? Nay! He cares more for men than for motes or mountains, or for the stars themselves. And if He cares for their physical good—their mental good—will He not care for their moral?

If He adjust light to the eyes and the eye to the light—need it surprise us, if He use means to lift the soul up? If He clothe the grass of the field, shall he not meet the moral necessities of immortal men? God delighted in all His creatures or He would never have made them. But how much higher must be His delight in beings radiant with His own image? Man *must be* nearer to God than the flowers of the field, or even the most exalted brutes. Nay, more, a man of *ideas* must be nearer to God than a man of *sensations* only: and from the very nature of the Godhead a man of high moral purposes and great spiritual resolves *must be* dearer to the Divine nature than a man of the most brilliant intellect or the profoundest knowledge without this.

Hence it is that the obscurest human being may arrest the attention of the angels of heaven; nay, it may bring the infinite Father from the "housetop" of His glory to welcome and to kiss the soul stricken with great moral conviction and intense in the greatness of its spiritual resolve.

Moral movement on earth is a power in heaven. The key-board of moral purpose, stricken on earth, produces the loftiest music round the throne; but the highest triumphs of our *intellect* are surpassed where the angels are. Intellect in His creatures is precious to God who breathed it there; artist, and poet, and sage —Handel and Raphael, Shakespeare and Homer, Spinoza and Plato—but there is to God a form that in the brightness of his beauty infinitely "excelleth" these: it is *the saint*—the soul who by moral and spiritual conquest has fought his bloodless way to the mind of Christ, the moral likeness of God. Then this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith. The heavens are very great, but God is greater than they. The heavens are very glorious, but God has an infinitely greater glory above that which is seen in them. Throughout all the universe man alone can perceive and reflect that glory. But the mirror of man's soul is dim—a moral blindness has smitten him, the world lieth in darkness. Nameless degradations demoralized the God-like possibilities of the race, some portions of the human brotherhood are in the nethermost darkness of spiritual decay.

But, brethren, God has interposed for man's uplifting. The everlasting Father has stooped down to save us. *We* have been permitted to see its meaning and to feel its power—God's method for the healing of the nations: and to *us* the mighty command and the awful responsibility is given—"Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." We are essential factors, in the moral evolution to which we are indebted. The world's uplifting is dependent—spiritually—upon the Church. The coronation day of Christ may be hastened by the holy resolve and faithful labour of the Churches. We have the light for which the nations long.

NOTHING useless is or low,
Each thing in its place is best,
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.

PEGGY'S HAVEN.

BY A CITY MISSIONARY.

"WILL you be pleased to tell me, sir, if it's all right? I've took my ticket for Shadwell, but they says I must get out here. I ain't used to railways, sir. Last time I was this way, I'm certain sure the train ran right on."

I gave the requisite explanation, and my querist began to apologise both for troubling me and for letting herself be troubled: "These changes is confusin' to an old 'ooman that ain't used to travelling. Seems as if we was allus changin' on this line, now. As soon as you have settled down a bit comfortable, and gets anywheer, they cries out, 'Change here' for somewheer else. Ah, well, that's like life, too,—allus a-changin'; and *that's* wisely ordered. We should go to sleep and forget ourselves, if we wasn't made to look alive."

Not quite satisfied even yet, however, she added, after a little talk about the weather: "Here's my ticket, sir. I can make out the big print, but the little letters is too small for my old eyes. And yet, p'r'aps, they's ones I ought to read. That's like life, again—ain't it, sir?"

It was at the Bow Station of the North London Railway that I was thus questioned by a puzzled but cheery old woman, with shrewd and yet soft blue eyes, hair as white as bleached wool, and little streaks of healthy colour on her wintry cheeks, that looked like haws peeping out of snow. There was nothing uncommon in her perplexity on that line of many changes, but there *was* something uncommon in the calm mode in which she moralized her bewilderment. I felt curious to learn something about her, and so, when the branch train for Fenchurch Street backed into the station, and I had overcome her scruples as to whether that would stop at Shadwell by assuring her that I was going to Shadwell myself, I handed her into a carriage, somewhat to the old lady's amusement.

"It's jest as if I had a young man again," she said, with a quiet little laugh. "Poor feller!" she went on, in a sadder tone, "my old man was as tall as you, and would ha' made two of yer across the shoulders. An' my boys was the werry moral of their father.

There's only one on 'em left now, an' I haven't seen him this ten years."

After a little pause I inquired, "but perhaps you have a daughter to cheer you?"

"No, sir, I've got no daughters—I had once, but they're gone too. If it wasn't for Sam, I should be all alone in the world, like a scarecrow in a bean-field. Well, p'r'aps I mayn't be quite as ugly as a scarecrow; but I should feel as lonely sometimes, if it wasn't for Him as has said, 'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.'"

"And have you travelled far?" I asked.

"No, sir, not for them as is used to travellin', but it seems a long way to me now-a-days. I've come from 'Ampstead this afternoon. I'd heerd as a family as know'd me when I was a gal was livin' theer, an' so I trotted off to the city an' rode up on a 'bus. Yes, sir, you're right—it 'ud ha' been cheaper if I'd known I could take a return from Shadwell. But theer was no railway to 'Ampstead in my time—you went by the stages then—an' I never asked till I got theer. That's like life; if we trust to ourselves, we mostly gets our wisdom too late."

"Well, but I hope you've had a pleasant journey," I put in.

"Thankye for wishing it, but I can't say I have, sir. When I got to the house, I'd had my journey for nothing. It's one of them big red houses, with trees and walls, and great iron gates, you see about that way, and 'Ighgate, an' Clapton. Anyhow, there was a great black board, "To Let" on it, over the gates. I made out the name of the gentleman as has to let the house, and made bold to ask about 'em, and they've been gone this six months. It *was* a disapp'intment, for I've not had a soul to speak to as knows anything about me for this ever so long."

"But surely you have some friends or neighbours to speak to occasionally?" I said.

"Of course, I've neighbours, sir, and kind folks among 'em, I don't doubt. I hope you won't think me unneighbourly, sir. How should I ever get on if I hadn't kind friends over and over again! But the folks about wheer I live is always a-coming and going like flies. Hows'ever theer's a world wheer theer's no movin, thank God, if we can but get theer."

The cheerful, lonely old philosopher I had stumbled upon took my fancy. When we got out at Shadwell I walked down to the

High Street with her, and when we parted at the corner of King David Lane I had obtained her address and permission to call upon her.

"Peggy M —— is my name, you'll remember," were her parting instructions; an' it's the first door to the right on the top floor back. I call it my Haven, for a kind of joke like. My old man was in the seafarin' line, and I've been werry happy in my way up theer. It's nice to have a home o' your own, if it's only a nutshell."

On a calm May evening I turned down New Gravel Lane, *en route* to Peggy's Haven. A church bell hard by was tolling the curfew. Turning out of the lane by King Street and Green Bank (when did grass last grow there?), I worked my way round to the Wapping Court, to which I had been directed, and so up to the top floor back. "Mind your head, sir," said Peggy as I went in—a necessary caution, since the roof in places came down almost to the floor. "Theer now, you can stand up straight and look about you."

"But, come, sir, sit ye down, an' let me give you a cup of tea," she went on, turning away towards the table. "I was jest a goin' to have one when you knocked. I've done work for to-day. Theer's such a plenty of daylight this blessed weather. I should never need to light a match, if it wasn't to bile my kettle. Poor folk ought to thank God for the summer; but then He made the winter too, and if we'd allus summer, we shouldn't vally it, I suppose. P'r'aps we might get sick on it, as they say the grocers' boys does of the figs. We've a good God, and so theer must be something good in everything He lets be. I've found out good in so many things I used to think couldn't be good nohow, that when a thing seems queer to me now, I says, 'Peggy, it ain't the thing as is in fault—it's you that can't get hold of the right handle.'"

Whilst Peggy thus expounded her optimist creed, she had been coaxing, with what seemed in comparison a very big pair of bellows, a very little fire in a very little grate to boil a very little kettle.

"Why, the werry bellus," she went on, "might teach folk that it all depends on which handle you get up'ards. If you turns 'em the wrong way, they does nothing but garsp like a fish out o' water. It's singin' nicely now. I likes to hear

a kittle sing. It's company to a lonely old 'ooman. I should like to keep a bird, but they cost too much, pretty dears. My Sam gave me a parrot once. It went against my heart to get rid of it, though it did use to scream fit to deafen me. But I might almost as well ha' had a child to keep, an' I couldn't abear to stint it; an' so I had to sell it in the 'Ighway.

"Well, now, sir, I take this werry kindly of you. I haven't had a friend to tea not for I can't remember how long. The tea tastes nicer, seems to me, when you've got somebody to talk to. Is yours to your likin', sir? You was sayin', when I had the pleasure o' seein' you the other day, that you'd like to hear a bit about my life. Suppose I tell ye now. But you're not going to put it in print, are ye, sir? Not that I've got anything partic'lar to be ashamed of, though there ain't many lives, I reckon, that would bear to be all wrote out; but the folks about here would think it bumptious of me if they was to see it. They're not likely to if you don't put into *Reynold's* or *Loyd's*—they're the papers that's mostly taken in these parts. Still if you do print it, sir, please don't give any name or the name of the court. Name in full, I mean—theer's plenty of lonely old Peggys in Wapping, I guess. I was born down among the hops. We had 'em all round us at Wateringbury. You've seen a hop-field? I don't think theer's a prettier sight, when the dew's on the leaves and the bunches. It's cold work, though, sometimes when you begin to pick in the morning. I used to like hopping, though the wild Irish skeered me awful at times. They camp out under the hedges and fight fit to kill each other sometimes o' Saturday nights. Some o' the Londoners, too, is a werry rough lot—tramps an' that—an' theer's sad goin's on in the barns wheer they all pigs together—leastways they used to in my time. But it's a blessin' for poor Londoners is hoppin'. You see they gets the fresh country air, as well as the money. It's like an 'oliday. I didn't think, when I used to see the yellow-faced folk come down to Wateringbury, that I should ever come to London to live; but I'm a Londoner myself now—leastways I've lived somewheer or other in London almost all my life. I used to think, from what I heerd talk, that it 'ud choke me if I was to live a week in it, but London air's nateral to me now. I expect I should feel all abroad like if I was to go wheer theer was no lamps. P'r'aps the dough thinks it can't stand the oven, but it bakes for all that. Wheer God

means folks to live, He helps 'em to live; and so I've lived this many a year in London, though it's been hard work many a time.

"I don't suppose you ever knew, sir, what it was to wonder wheer you'd get bread for to-morrow's breakfast. Well, sir, I've felt that many a time, and when I'd got hungry little mouths to fill. That's ever so much worse than bein' hungry yourself. 'Why did you have me, if you can't keep me?' the little uns seem to say. But I've felt it so often, and yet somehow things has come round—p'r'aps not next day—though they has many a time, but if not, soon enough to keep me from starvin'—that it wouldn't trouble me now. When I've said my prayers at night, that day's finished, and I can go to sleep—leastways when I hain't got the face-ache. Next day is as God shall please. We poor folks ought to thank God that Jesus Christ wasn't a great gentleman. P'r'aps it wouldn't ha' been so easy to believe Him if He had been; but He knew what the poor folk have to put up with—not that I was in no manner o' want whilst my old man was livin'. He was a bargeman when I first knew him, and I met him at Medstun Fair—*Maidstone*, you calls it, sir? But mother, she'd got a notion that all men in the seafarin' line was a bad lot; and when he walked over to Wateringbury a-purpose to see me, she wouldn't give us a chance, an' so I used to meet him unbeknown to mother. Father allus liked John.

"P'r'aps it was wrong o' me to go against mother's wish, and yet I don't know. God puts the love in our hearts, an' when theer's nothin' in reason to be said agin the man, I expect we ought to follow love's leadin's though they *are* our own likin's. To get me out o' John's way, mother got me a place in a werry kind family of our parts that was goin' up to London—the grandfather of the gentleman as I'd been to see the other day, and *he* lived at 'Ampstead too. I'd been theer a year an' more before John found me out. They were all uncommon kind to me, an' I'd begun to think if John didn't trouble hisself about me, I wouldn't trouble myself about him. I didn't know what pains he took to find me out, poor fellow, trampin' about when his work was done. I was a giddy young girl then, and folks called me pretty—and young or old, ordinary or not ordinary, a woman don't like to be thought little on. But one day when I was passin' Jack Straw's Castle, who should come out o' the tap but my John! He was never

a drinkin' man, and allus went to church, when he got the chance; but, you see, he'd been in theer to make his inquiries. Up he came to me, the great big feller, an' without a with-your-leave or by-your-leave, he hugged me in both his arms, and, shame-faced as I was, I couldn't help kissin' him back. I'm an old 'ooman now, and don't mind saying of it. It's nice to get back what you'd thought you wasn't goin' to see again, however lightly you've brought yourself to think you'd come to vally it. We walked over the 'Eath, and past the Spaniards, an' up 'Ighgate Gate House that I remembered I'd been sent on an errand. John walked back with me, and afore we parted he made me let him put up the banns down here at St. George's.

"I lost a good place, and though they give me lots o' things, they was angry with me for going; but I got a good husband, an' I've never repented marryin' him from that day to this. He never laid a finger on me, and was werry kind, too, to father and mother afore they died. We lived in Southwark then. John's barge used to come up to one of the wharfs in Shad Thames. But one day the barge come back without John. My eldest boy had begun to pick up odd jobs on the river, an' he come back an' said 'Oh, mother, the *Amity's* moored, but they say father fell overboard off Gravesen'. One of them teakittles ran into her, and father's lying dead by the windlass;' and then the poor boy fell a-cryin' as if his heart would break. They was all very fond of their father, an' they'd reason to. He'd tell them stories, and gammock wi' them, however tired he was. That was a bitter day to me, sir. My poor John's been buried in St. Saviour's churchyard this many a day, but I feel fit to cry when I see the old church now. Seems as if the blessed Saviour took care o' John's body on earth as well as his soul in heaven. I wish I could be buried along wi' him, but that can't be—they don't bury theer now. After all, wheer does it matter wheer I'm put? Jesus 'll find me, I humbly hope, wheerever it is. Theer's nothing to mark John's grave now, but I know wheer it is, an' give it a look when I go by. Still it's lonely—though I can't help goin' now and then—to be theer all by myself. But it's nice to think John ain't far off. Since my Sam went away, John's grave's all that belongs to me in London.

"Theer's not one o' my children, dead or alive, in London now, though I was left wi' seven of them, five boys an' two gals.

They was dear good children, though, when I had 'em, an' I expect to meet 'em all some day. It ain't Sam's fault, I know, that I hain't seen him all these years. It's three years since I had a letter from him, but I don't think much o' that. It ain't strange that letters from furrin' parts should go astray to an old 'ooman like me. The Queen's gentlemen has something else to do than to find out wheer old Peggy lives. Though they *did* bring me six, jest as if I was a lady. Sometimes I can't help thinkin' that my poor Sam's dead like his brothers, and then agin I *hope* so that he ain't, that I won't believe God as is so good would let me hope so jest to be disapp'inted. P'r'aps, though, that ain't right. It's easy to want to have your own way, an' to fancy yourself religious for wishing of it. Sam, you see, was my youngest—my little Benjamin. He was the baby when his father died, an' he'd been allus with me in our ups and downs till he went to sea. We lived here an' we lived theer, an' I did this an' I did that; and sometimes we was werry near the workus, but, I thank God, we somehow kep' out o' that. Swearin' 's a bad, foolish habit—but, will you believe me, sir? a swearin' man was one of the kindest friends I ever had. The biggest boys were here an' theer, jest making a shift to live, an' I was left wi' little Sam, an' my two gals, Mary Ann an' Jemimer. Me an' the gals had been doin' a little shoe-work. The boys, when they could, gave us a little lift—brought us a loaf or something like that, if they went without themselves, poor fellers. They was all dear, good children, I thank God. But work went slack, an' the gals were settin' at home, tryin' to quiet little Sammy. He was hungry, poor little chap, an' we was, too; but he hadn't the sense then to know that. I owed a fortnight's rent, an' jest when I was thinkin' however I was to pay it, in came the man to bother for it. He was a-tellin' me that I was a swindler to take a room I couldn't pay for, an' that I must bundle out with my beggar's brats, when up came the man that had the ground floor—him an' the young woman as he lived with. He was a fightin' man, an' his language was 'orrid. But he paid my rent, an' the gal went down an' brought up a loaf wi' a pound or more of beef an' 'am crammed into it; and them two kept us for a week till I got work again.

"As soon as I got it, I went down wi' the money for the rent an' that. 'You're sich a saint,' he says with an oath: 'you're

too proud to take a hobligation from folks like Sal an' me.' 'No' sir,' I says; 'I thank you an' the young lady from the werry bottom of my heart; but it don't seem honest to let other folks pay for ye, when you can pay for yourself.' 'Well, if them's your feelin's,' says he, 'I'll take the money for the rent; but ——,' and here he let's out another oath—'if I'm agoin' to be paid for standin' treat.' An' he wouldn't neither, sir; an' the gal cried, an' said as she felt safer, somehow, wi' good folks as didn't look down on her in the house. Ah, them poor critturs! My heart bleeds for 'em, it do, when I go along the 'Ighway. To think they was all babies once! The 'Ighway and Tiger Bay I expect 's wheer the blessed Lord would go to first if He was to come down to London.

"Both my gals married werry decent men, though they never found time to write to me since the poor dear gals died. One of them went to Ameriky, an' the other to Australy, an' both on 'em died when their first babies were born. I should like to know if they're livin', an' how they're gettin' on. But then, you see, p'r'aps, the fathers is dead, an' if not, they've married agin, an' forgotten all about me. It's only nateral. Men don't marry their wives' mothers as well as their wives. My John was as kind as he could ever be to my mother, though she had been so hard on him; but then theer ain't many like my John.

"All my boys, except one, first or last, followed the sea. They pottered about a bit on shore, an' then they took to water like young ducks. It was cheery when they used to come home, the great big brown fellers, wi' their merry jokes, an' shells, an' things; but they're all gone now, 'cept Sam. I can't believe somehow that *he's* dead. My third boy, Tom, was the only one that didn't follow the sea, an' yet he's buried in it. He shot up like a young hop, an' he went for a sojer. He got no work, an' we hadn't got much jest then. So one mornin' he says to me, 'Mother, I can't stand this—livin' on you this fashion;' and off he goes. When he comes back, he says, 'I've been to Westminster an' 'listed.' It was in the East Injian army that he'd 'listed, an' he used to come up from Warley an' Brompton to see us when he was quartered theer, an' the gals was werry proud of his smart coat.

"Well, sir, Tom went to Injy, an' he did well theer, too, I sup-

pose. Anyhow, they made him a sergeant. Now an' again he sent me money, an' for the matter o' that, all my boys was werry good to me when they'd got their wages. At last I heerd that Tom was comin' home in a invalid ship. It did my heart good to think that I should see him any ways. Him and Sam was all I had left then, and Sam was away at sea, an' I was a bit down in the world. I asked a neighbour o' mine who understood sich matters to keep a look-out in the papers, an' as soon as he told me the ship had got home I went down to Gravesen'. The invalids was to land theer. I paid a boatman, too, to row me aboard, though I could ill afford the money. An' when I got aboard, what do you think I heerd, sir? That my poor Tom had died when the ship was three weeks out from Calcutta. They was all werry kind to me, both the officers and men, and spoke o' Tom as if he had been held in high respec'. The officer that had the chief charge of the sojers was an especial kind gentleman. 'Your son,' says he, 'allus did his duty like an Englishman, an' died like a Christian.' That was werry comfortin', but still you you see, I'd been expectin' to see my boy. The gentleman put me in the way of getting his traps an' a trifle o' pay, but that wasn't my Tom. He was lying at the bottom of the sea, thousands o' miles away. I felt for a bit as if God had forsaken me, as I went up the river agin. I went ashore at London Bridge. I was takin' care of a empty house in the city then. When I got back I sat down on a box, an' put my apron over my head, an' cried as if I should burst. All of a sudden, jest as if some one had lifted up the corner o' my apron, I heerd a whisper like. 'Why don't you read your Bible, Peggy?' was what it said. It was layin' on the tea-chest I had for a table, an' when I caught hold on it, it seemed to open of itself. 'And when the Lord saw her, He had compassion on her, and said unto her, Weep not'—them was the werry words my eyes fell on. I read all that beautiful bit, an' it comforted me—at first I didn't know how. *My* son hadn't been raised up though I *was* a widdy. But then it all came upon me. Christ was as sorry for me as He was for her, but that wasn't His way of showin' it. He'd taken my poor boy because it was best for us both; an' yet He was jest as kind. He'd got him safe. After all, he'd have had to die again, when p'r'aps he warn't so fit for it. I might go to him, though he couldn't come to me. An' then I'd another good cry, an' then I made myself a cup of

tea, an' felt as if I could go to work agin. Of course, I know it was all the grace of God, but it's wonderful what good a cup of tea does you when you're down. That's one of His mercies, too, I reckon.

"About a year after that I come to live here, to be handy to some sewin' work I'd got; and here I've lived ever since, an' have always had to work, too, less or more. It's rough work, but then I can do it all the quicker an' it don't try my eyes as fine work would—so theer's two smooth handles to *that* trouble. It ain't much I earn, but it's enough for me, as it comes in reg'lar. Folks talk against the Jews, but I've no fault to find wi' them. My master's a Jew, an' I've worked for him twelve years, come Michaelmas. Theer's good an' bad of all sorts, I guess. It seems wicked like to me to run down peeple wholesale i' that fashion. Wasn't it Jews as wrote the Bible? I should like to be able to put by enough to bury me, and to be able to see my dear Sam now an' then, an then I shouldn't have another earthly wish about myself. But it ain't right to be so easy satisfied. I wish I could do summut for my neighbours. I'm only a poor old 'ooman, I know, but everybody can do summut if they've only got the will. It's hard to get hold of the folks about here, though; they're allus a changin' so. It makes me dizzy to think o' them as has lived in this house—let alone this court—since I've been here. You can't make no acquaintance, for you're allus a-comin' on new faces. Why, at the chandler's wheer I get my things theer's been four masters an' a missis since I've lodged here. I sometimes think it would ha' been less lonesome to be down at Wateringbury, wheer everybody knew me, leastways they would ha' knowd me, if I'd lived theer all my life. But I should be as strange theer now as here. London's more of a home like than that 'ud be, lonesome as I am. It's a big, black, noisy place, an' I've known trouble in it, but I shouldn't like to leave it now till I go to the home that'll be home for ever. I've lived in it goin' on for sixty year, an' I was married here, an' my old man is buried here, an' my children was all born here—leastways over in the Borough. After all, God's everywheer. Sometimes, when I lies awake at night listening to the clocks strikin' and chimin' the quarters, I thinks—Theer for miles round theer's folks, an' not one on 'em would miss ye if you was to die afore mornin'. But then I thinks again—Well, what an' if they

wouldn't? You wouldn't be the worse o' it if you was safe with God; an' He's a-watching over you now, black as it is, jest like the stars. He wouldn't forget ye because there's so many folks in London. Not but what, when I go to church, an' see an old man come in wi' his old 'ooman, or an old mother a-leanin' on her son's arm, it gives me a prick like. But my Sam's been in this werry room, an' I hope to see him here again, please God, if I should live so long; an' I can fancy him a-settin' wheer you are, a-smokin' an' a-talkin'. He give me my cheer, and that chest o' drawers, an' them things for the chimbley. I'm most afraid to dust 'em for fear I should break 'em. I used to fancy somehow as if God was up above the sky, but since I've lived all by myself up here, 'specially when the rooms underneath has been empty, an' it made me a bit nervous to go out on the black staircase, when I've come in, an' stirred up my fire, an' lit my candle, an' got my Bible, or gone down on my knees in the dark, I've felt as if He was close round about me a-taking care o' me.

"Well, sir, if you must be goin' you must. I can't expect you to stay here listenin' to an old 'ooman all night. Well, good-night, sir—mind your head, sir. I take it werry kind of you that you've stayed so long; an' if you've five minutes to spare when you're anywheers hereabout, if you'll give me a look, I'll thank ye kindly. You're pretty sure to find me at home. 'My Peg makes her voyages, ridin' at anchor,' my John used to say. It was that put it into my head to call this my Haven—not as I've got anybody to call it to; but I talks to myself when I've got nobody else to talk to. Be sure you look in when you're passing. It does a lonesome old body good to have a soul to speak to in the way of a friend like."

I fully intended, when I left, to make a second pilgrimage very speedily to Peggy's Haven, but nothing for some months called me again into her part of the East End, and the cheerful old creature, stitching away at the top of the squalid old house, all alone with her God, for a time completely faded out of my recollection. It was not until the following Christmas that I was reminded of her by seeing an old woman come out of a grocer's shop in Ratcliff Highway with a very tiny packet of tea-dust. As a peace-offering, I procured a little parcel of Christmas groceries, and once more struck down to Wapping. It was a dismal day:

grimy snow on the houses, slushy snow on the footpaths, miry snow on the roadways, and a fresh fall just about to drop from the low-hanging, smoky, yellow sky. Everybody I met looked miserably and crossly cold. I was looking forward to a sight of Peggy's cheerful old face as a pleasant contrast, as I dived down the sewer-like arched alley that led into her court. But when I got there, both her house and the one next to it stood windowless, roofless, and gutted. There were stale smoke-smears on the walls, and the grimy snow looked almost white as it furred the black, blistered joists and rafters. The fire evidently had not been a recent one. There was no fireman on guard, no crowd hanging about, and when I made my inquiries in the court, they were answered very listlessly. "Oh, it was three months or more ago. No, there was no old woman burnt that they'd heard of in No. 1, and no old woman carried out, so far as they knew. They were new-comers. If I was to ask at the chandler's, perhaps he could tell me about it."

It was a relief to learn that Peggy had left the house before the fire, although I also learnt that she had left the earth. In the August after I had seen her there was much sickness in the crowded court, and she had been one of its first victims. Before she died, however, she had seen her Sam. She had died with her arm round his neck, and he had buried her.

"For a rough sailor feller," said the chandler, "I never see sich a soft-hearted chap. But there was something out of the common too about the old 'ooman. She never owed me a penny, an' I've seen her break great bits out of her loaf, so that it must ha' looked as if the rats had been at it, before she got home, to give to the little uns when it was sharp weather. Not that she could ha' had much to bless herself with, poor old critter. She worked for old ——, the Jew slopseller, an' he don't overpay his people. I can't tell you where she was buried, or where the son is—gone to sea again most likely. All that I knowed of her was from seein' her in the shop here. If she've 'ad any money left her, you've come too late. No, no one's lived in her place since. How could could they, when it was burnt down the very night she was took out of it? The sailor chap was a cryin' because he' lost his mother's Bible. Queer that for a sailor. P'r'aps there was bank-notes in it, though that ain't likely. How can I tell whether they're goin' to do the houses up again? They've 'ad to shore 'em up, an' they'll be down on our 'eads if the surveyors don't make

'em pull 'em down pretty sharp. Why, the walls has all started. An' now I hope you know all you wants to know, for I've got my customers to look to."

I went back to have one more look at the gaping, tottering old houses, and felt glad that no vulgar tenant would live within the walls to which Peggy had given a homely consecration. Her two earthly wishes had been gratified. Her boy had come home, and the parish had not buried her. Her garret was a black gap beneath a cheerless sky, her apple-tree was crushed beneath a heap of smoky rubbish; but wherever her body was sleeping, Peggy had exchanged her London loneliness for the "home that will be home for ever"—her Wapping haven for that "desired haven," where the world-tossed are "glad because they be quiet."

AT THE GRAVE OF BARBARA HECK.

BY JAMES B. KENYON.

BELOW the whispering pines she lies,
Safe from the busy world's loud roar;
Above her bend the North's pale skies,
The broad St. Lawrence sweeps before.

A humble woman, pure of heart,
She knew no dream of world-wide fame;
Yet in men's love she hath her part,
And countless thousands bless her name.

She sleeps the changeful years away;
Her couch its holy quiet keeps;
And many a pilgrim day by day
Turns thither from the world and weeps.

O plenteous tears of grateful love,
Keep green and fresh her lowly bed!
O minstrel birds that brood above,
Sing sweetly above the peaceful dead!

Amid the silent sleepers round
She sleeps, nor heeds time's wintry gust;
Tread softly, this is hallowed ground,
And moulding here lies sacred dust.

Roll on, O world, your noisy way!
Go by, O years, with wrong and wreck!
But till the dawn of God's great day
Shall live the name of Barbara Heck.

—*Northern Christian Advocate.*

PRESCOTT, ONT., April 13, 1885.

CHARLES WESLEY, THE MINSTREL OF METHODISM.

BY THE REV. S. B. DUNN.

IX.—HIS FLAME FED WITH BIBLE OIL.

"With deepest shame, with humblest fear,
I to Thine Oracles draw near.
To meet Thee in the holiest place,
To learn the secret of Thy grace."
—*Charles Wesley.*

"Source of light and power divine!
Deign upon Thy truth to shine;
Lord! behold Thy servant stands,—
Lo! to Thee he lifts his hands;
Satisfy his soul's desire,
Touch his lips with holy fire."
—*Walter Shirley.*

THAT is a pretty legend of St. Dunstan, how that on a certain day, as he sat reading the Scriptures in his cell, his harp which was hung against the wall suddenly sounded, untouched by human hands. Was it angel fingers that swept its strings? Or did the music of the Word find in its vibrations a voice with which to utter itself? Or, likelier still, was it simply the answering echo of a pious soul awakened into heaven-born melody by zephyr-breezes blowing upon it from the Scriptures of divine truth? Whatever may have been the secret of that strange music, St. Dunstan finds his antitype in the Minstrel of Methodism. His muse caught much of its inspiration from a devout and thorough study of the sacred page. This it was, more than all beside, that woke into life the latent harmonies of his lyre, sweeping its chords as with angel hand, and filling this cell of a world with a music akin to that of heaven.

It is the opinion of a high authority, that the Holy Scriptures have done more to unfold the literary genius of the Anglo-Saxon race than all other influences put together. They certainly helped to unfold, in no small degree, the poetic genius of Charles Wesley. At this Helicon he quaffs inspiring waters. In this honeycomb, like another Jonathan, he dips his staff and puts his hand to his mouth. He enters upon his life-work baptized in this Jordan, and standing in its stream the hymnic

spirit lights upon him. Henceforward not a day passes by but he gathers here manna for his refreshing. Much as he is indebted to literature in general for the treasures of his verse, he is under still greater obligations to the Word of God. In the one his muse, like Noah's dove, plucks here and there an olive leaf from a waste of waters; while in the other it fills its bosom as with the gleanings of Ruth in the wheatfields of Boaz. In a word, his poetic genius is a candlestick all of gold, like the one that Zechariah saw in vision; and the two Testaments are the "two olive trees upon the right side of the candlestick and upon the left side thereof," feeding its sevenfold flame with "golden oil."

The Scriptural character of Charles Wesley's hymns will appear from the title borne by several of his publications. Two thousand and thirty of his compositions are "Short Hymns on Select Passages of Holy Scripture," published in 1762, and designed to accompany the third edition of his brother's "Notes on the New Testament," with a view to furnish the preacher with appropriate verses at the close of his discourse. Another of his volumes is "Hymns on the Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles," written between 1765 and 1768, and left in manuscript when he died. And still another is "A Poetical Version" of nearly the whole Book of the Psalms, including the Penitential Psalms, the Psalms of Degrees, the Great Hallel or Paschal Hymn, four of the Alphabetical Psalms, and portions of others. It will thus be seen from these volumes alone, not to speak of his "Hymns on God's Everlasting Love," "Hymns on the Trinity," "Hymns on the Lord's Supper," etc., how thoroughly our bard has studied the Word of God. As Montgomery phrases it, "He makes the whole tour of Bible literature." Some of his hymns are marvellous for their amplification of scripture; and others again are just as wonderful for their compression and condensation of scripture. Everywhere the bright heaven of scripture is imaged in his verse.

His hymns breathe a Biblical spirit. They come to us

> "Like the sweet south,
> That breathes upon a bank of violets,
> Stealing, and giving odour."

The north wind and the south wind of the Word have blown

upon his garden, making the spices thereof flow out; and many have gone into it and eaten of its pleasant fruits. The following hymn contains twenty-four lines, and each line has an allusion to a distinct passage of Scripture:

"Behold the servant of the Lord!	Luke 1 : 38.
I wait Thy guiding eye to feel,	Psalm xxxii : 8.
To hear and keep Thy every word,	Luke xi : 28.
To prove and do Thy perfect will.	Rom. xii : 2.
Joyful from my own works to cease,	Heb. iv : 10.
Glad to fulfil all righteousness.	Matt. iii : 5.
Me, if Thy grace vouchsafe to use,	Eph. iii : 7.
Meanest of all Thy creatures me,	1 Cor. xv : 9.
The deed, the time, the manner choose;	Isaiah vi : 8.
Let all my fruit be found of Thee;	Hosea xiv : 8.
Let all my works in Thee be wrought,	John iii : 21.
By Thee to full perfection brought.	Heb. xiii : 21.
My every weak, though good design,	II Chron. vi : 7-9.
O'errule or change as seems Thee meet;	Prov. xvi : 9.
Jesus, let all my work be Thine!	1 Cor. xvi : 10.
Thy work, O Lord, is all complete,	John xvii : 4.
And pleasing in Thy Father's sight,	John viii : 29.
Thou only hast done all things right.	Mark vii : 37.
Here, then, to Thee Thy own I leave;	1 Cor. vi : 19-20.
Mould as Thou wilt Thy passive clay;	Isaiah lxiv : 8.
But let me all Thy stamp receive,	Ps. xvii : 15.
But let me all Thy words obey;	Ps. cix : 6.
Serve with a single heart and eye,	Matt. vi : 22.
And to Thy glory live and die.	Phil. 1 : 21.

Many of his hymns are flashes of vivified scripture, glowing with the brightness of heaven-kindled thoughts. The following is one of his Short Scripture Hymns:

"Matt. xiii : 31.—The kingdom of heaven is like a grain of mustard seed."

"A grain of grace may we not see
This moment and the next a tree?
Or must we patiently attend
To find the precious seed ascend?
Our Lord declares it must be so;
And striking deep our root we grow,
And lower sink and higher rise
Till Christ transplant us to the skies."

We append another from the same volume:

"1 Sam. xxviii: 19.—To-morrow shalt thou and thy sons be with me."

"What do these solemn words portend?
A gleam of hope when life shall end:
'Thou and thy sons, though slain, shall be
To-morrow in repose with me!'
Not in a state of hellish pain,
If Saul with Samuel doth remain;
Not in a state of damned despair,
If loving Jonathan be there."

The very last hymn our poet committed to paper, with a hand just ready to forget her cunning, is a paraphrase of Hosea xiv: 2—"Take away all iniquity and give good." The opening stanza is as follows:

"How long, how often shall I pray,
Take all iniquity away;
And give the plenitude of good,
The blessing bought by Jesus' blood;
Concupiscence and pride remove
And fill me, Lord, with humble love."

In this way his poetic effusions are seen to issue out from under the sanctuary of the Word, like Ezekiel's holy waters, carrying life and healing in their flow.

There is scarcely a doctrine of Scripture but our bard has embodied it in verse. By this means his hymns are a complete reflection of Holy Writ—at any rate, a *summa theologiæ evangelicæ*. As a summary of essential Christian doctrine what a marvellous composition is Wesley's "Arise, my soul, arise." It is almost a Confession of Faith, distinct recognition being made of such vital and cardinal verities as the Trinity, the Intercession of Christ, the Atoning Blood, the Work of the Holy Spirit, the love of the Father, and the effort of saving faith on the part of the penitent sinner. Like the *Te Deum*, this hymn is "a creed taking wing and soaring heavenward; it is faith seized with a sudden joy as she counts her treasures and laying them at the feet of Jesus with a song; it is the incense of prayer rising so near the rainbow round the throne as to catch its light and become radiant as well as fragrant—a cloud of incense illuminated with a cloud of glory." Other hymns are distinguished by the same doctrinal character. His muse meanders in all directions

through the entire extent of the Word, like the four streams of Eden, "and the gold of that land is good: there is bdellium and the onyx stone."

But the most striking feature of Wesley's hymns, and that in which he is without a peer, is their apt and abundant scripture imagery. His verse borrows the hue of its native soil; it assumes the garb of the country in which it sojourns. If its spirit is Biblical so also are its habiliments. There is scarcely a Bible fact or incident but our poet has woven it into the fabric of his hymns, giving them a rich flavour of historical reminiscence. Let me give a few examples. In his "Cry of the Reprobate," he makes the sinner exclaim:

> "The Philistines at last have found
> The way to afflict their baffled foe;
> By my own sin betrayed and bound,
> A sheep I to the slaughter go."

Who does not think, as he reads these lines, of poor Samson in the hands of his enemies? A "Hymn on his Conversion" contains the stanza:

> "I rode on the sky, Freely justified I!
> Nor envied Elijah his seat;
> My soul mounted higher, In a chariot of fire,
> And the moon it was under my feet."

Every one will recognize the familiar image in the following:

> "Still in the doubtful balance weighed
> We trembled, while the remnant prayed;
> The Father heard His Spirit groan,
> And answered mild,—It is my Son!
> He let the prayer of faith prevail,
> And mercy turned the labouring scale."

"After a Recovery from Sickness," opens:

> "And live I yet by power divine,
> And have I still my course to run?
> Again brought back in its decline
> The shadow of my setting sun?"

—a delicate allusion to King Hezekiah and the sun-dial of Ahaz. In a hymn "Written in Old Age," speaking of the fiery impulsiveness of his youth, he says:

> "As strong and glowing in my might,
> I drew the two-edged sword,

Valiant against a troop to fight
The battles of the Lord;
I scorned the multitudes to dread,
Rushed on with full career,
And aimed at each opposer's head,
And smote off many an ear"—

and we are reminded of impulsive Peter and unfortunate Malchus. In a composition in which he celebrates the successes of primitive Methodism, our poet skilfully weaves into his verse Ezekiel's vision of the dry bones:

"Soon as we prophesied in Jesus' name,
The noise, the shaking, and the Spirit came;
The bones spontaneous to each other cleaved,
The dead in sin His powerful word received,
And felt the quickening breath of God and lived."

In a time of national distress, in 1744, he wrote a tract in which he pours forth his loyalty and patriotism and devotion to the Protestant Church. One of its thirty-three hymns is a most ingenious effusion; in it he represents the State as a ship in a storm, and every individual sinner as a Jonah on whose account the storm is sent:

"I am the man, the Jonas I;
For me the working waves run high;
For me the curse takes place;
I have increased the nation's load,
I have called down the wrath of God
On all our helpless race. . . .

I know the tempest roars for me;
Till I am cast into the sea
Its rage can never cease;
Here, then, I to my doom submit,
Do with me as Thy will sees fit,
But give Thy people peace."

A more elaborate instance still occurs in an extended poem on the Church of England. Referring in this poem to some who had left her communion, our author has the following improvement of Paul's shipwreck:

"They saw the ship by many a tempest tossed,
Her rudder broken and her tackling lost;
Left her to sink without their helping hand,
Looked to themselves and basely 'scaped to land.

But shall I, too, the sinking Church forsake?
Forbid it, Heaven, or take my spirit back!
No, ye diviners sage, your hope is vain,
While but one fragment of our ship remain!
That single fragment shall my soul sustain.
Bound to that sacred plank my soul defies
The great abyss and dares all hell to rise,
Assured that Christ on *that* shall bear me to the skies."

But perhaps the gem of all in the way of scripture imagery is our poet's inimitable "Wrestling Jacob." Whether we regard the elevation of its sentiment, or the fervour of its tone, or the ingenuity with which the patriarch's mysterious conflict is made to set forth the process of an awakened soul's salvation, this Kohinoor of lyrics must ever commend unstinted admiration.

"Come, O thou Traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold but cannot see!
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with Thee;
With Thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day," etc.

Now it is this pre-eminent Scriptural character of Wesley's hymns that constitutes them a poetic rendering of revealed truth —*the Bible in rhyme.* From this source our minstrel is a most prodigal borrower. If occasionally he goes down to the Philistines of common literature to sharpen a weapon or to borrow one, it is only that he might till the soil of sacred truth more effectually. And still the product is all his own—purely *Wesley*an. His genius is open to every influence. Like a flower it drinks in the quickening dew and takes on the tinting ray; and while it borrows life and beauty from every benignant influence, it gives back with interest all it borrows in breathing sweetness and in a smilling grace.

LABOUR is rest from the sorrows that greet us,
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us,
Rest from world's sirens that lure us to ill:
Work! and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow,
Work! thou shalt ride over Care's coming billow,
Work with a stout heart and resolute will.

—*Mrs. Osgood.*

SKIPPER GEORGE NETMAN, OF CAPLIN BIGHT;

A STORY OF OUT-PORT METHODISM IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

BY THE REV. GEORGE J. BOND, A.B.

CHAPTER XI.—THE REVIVAL.

He is here! His loving voice
Hath reached thee, though so far away!
He is waiting to rejoice,
O wandering one, o'er thee to-day.
Waiting, waiting to bestow
His perfect pardon full and free;
Waiting, waiting till thou know
His wealth of love for thee, for thee!

—*F. R. Havergal.*

On the Sunday morning following the startling episode related in the last chapters, the little church at Caplin Bight was filled to overflowing. It was known that Mr. Fairbairn was going to make special allusion to the incident, for the service had been announced at the Friday evening prayer-meeting preceding, as a thanksgiving service, and this had helped to swell the congregation. As the groups of men gathered about the doors outside before the service—an outport custom far from conducive to spirituality of thought or converse—there was a quietness about their demeanour, and an earnestness in their tones as they talked of the rescue and the rescued which showed them to be deeply touched by the events of the week. When Mr. Fairbairn arose to give out the opening hymn he was struck at once with this quiet and intense feeling in the congregation. There sat Skipper George on the right side under the gallery, and Mrs. Netman with her rescued boys, one on each side of her. In the middle row of pews, not far from the pulpit, the snowy head of Uncle Tommy met his eye, with his stalwart son safe and sound beside him; and in the next pew, Henry Burton and his sister Mary. There was a sympathetic moisture in the minister's eyes, and a tremor of emotion in his voice as he gave out the hymn beginning:

"God of my life, whose gracious power
Through varied deaths my soul hath led,
Or turned aside the fatal hour,
Or lifted up my sinking head;"

and as the joyous strains rang through the building, the hearts of the people seemed to go out to God in the earnestness of their song. All through the prayer and the lessons the same strong feeling was evident, and when the text was read, "Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and He saveth them out of their distresses," Mr. Fairbairn felt at once that strange, subtle influence which comes only from an audience whose attention is concentrated and whose emotion is quickened by intense interest in the speaker's theme. Every eye was fixed upon the preacher as he proceeded, and as, after dwelling upon the goodness of the Heavenly Father and the readiness and mercy with which He hears and answers the prayer of those in trouble, applying it to the present instance, and to the experience of his hearers in similar circumstances in the past, he wound up with an appeal to them to let their gratitude take practical shape in lives of living obedience, he felt in his heart that the message had gone home.

At the evening service the place was crowded, and the same intense and pent-up feeling manifest from the very outset. The text was, "The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost," and the theme, always appropriate, but now made much more effective by the week's events, kindled the hearts of both minister and hearers. Never had Mr. Fairbairn felt such an inspiration, never had his heart been so full of the Divine love, or his lips so touched with the hallowed fire of spiritual energy. It seemed to him as though heart and brain and tongue and whole being were being used directly by God, so strong was the impulse that swàyed him, so apart from himself the power which gave him fulness of thought and fluency of speech. With tears pouring over his cheeks, his voice, high-pitched in nervous eagerness, his frame thrilling with the strong tide of emotion that swept him along, he dilated upon the saving love of God in Christ, and pressed the subject home upon his hearers. An intense love for his people possessed him, an intense longing for their salvation agonized his spirit. Leaning over the desk, with outstretched hands and broken voice, he besought them to be reconciled to God. The common-place conventionalisms of the pulpit were forgotten; gesture, voice, manner were the exponents not of trained habit, but of the sudden, startling, supernatural quickening of knowledge, sympathy and affection for God and souls. Grotesque,

perhaps, the cold critic would style that strong emotion, those quickly changing movements, that rapid, excited pleading. Grotesque, indeed, as earnest eye is ever perforce grotesque to him who knows not its cause, or fails to understand the reasons for it. To Harry Fairbairn, leaning there over the homely little pulpit, had come that same Pentecostal chrism, which, issuing in the intense preaching of Peter and the rest, had led naturally enough to the cynic's sneer, "These men are full of new wine!" There were no cynics, however, in that little company; the earnestness of the preacher was almost equalled by the earnestness of his hearers; and as he warmed with his subject, a wave of spiritual influence passed over the people, and they swayed beneath its impulse as trees sway beneath the breeze of summer.

It was, after all, but the culmination of efforts made through months of prayer and strong entreaty; the providential crisis after prolonged and, in some cases, poignant mental debate and spiritual unrest. Prayer had been long offered, it was now to be answered; the seed had been long sowing, it was now time for the joy of harvest. The old men, who had been expecting this, rejoiced as they noted the preacher's kindling eye and felt the magnetic thrill of his eager pleadings. In almost every pew, the awe-stricken look, the bowed head, or the unchecked tear revealed the emotion of the listeners. Yet all was still, as if the very breath was held, in that absorbed attention with which they bent forward to catch the rapidly uttered words. "Remember, beloved," cried the impassioned speaker, "remember how we felt last week. Remember our anxiety, our agony of solicitude for our loved ones, lost in the storm and darkness. Lost, lost, lost! How keenly we felt it! How our imagination pictured the awfulness of their situation, how we shuddered over the terrible risk of their never being found! How we rejoiced at the strength and knowledge, and courage and determination of those who went to seek and to save them; how our hearts went out to God in gratitude when they were brought back safe and sound! Did those fathers whose sons were lost feel deeply? Aye, the strong men wept like women, their hearts were full, their eyes o'erflowed! And doth not God feel, think you, for those in spiritual danger, His children entrapped, estrayed, endangered? Ah, yes, with infinite solicitude, and compassionate anxiety our Heavenly Father yearns over His lost children, and seeks

to save and to bring them home to Himself. Lost, lost, lost! Lost to true self, lost to true happiness, lost to Heaven, lost to God! O the untold peril of a wandering soul—lost, lost—out upon the dark storm-swept seas of sin, in the night of prejudice and pride and passion; starless, black, and hopeless! No human heart can estimate the peril, no human hand can rescue from it. No help, no hope, no haven! But stay. The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost. He *is come.* Do you ask, as the Jews of old, 'Who is this Son of man?' He is the incarnate God, the Substitute, the Saviour—'able to save to the uttermost all those that come unto God by Him.' Able to save! Willing to save! Come to save! Thank God, thank God. Aye, and to the uttermost! No doubt of it, for He is God. The infinite possibilities of Godhood are in Him, the infinite merit of the High and Holy One is in His Atonement. He is come to save that which was lost. Beloved, were our friends who went out to seek their lost ones a few days ago, content with merely an effort, a single effort to reach those whom they sought? You know they were not. What cared they for trouble or toil? They searched diligently again and again. They called, if so be their voices might be heard by those astray. And Christ is come and is calling. Hark! He is here—in this church—at this moment. He is come to seek and to save the lost. Do ye not hear Him? Hist! Listen to the voice that was hushed in death at Calvary. He is calling His lost ones in this congregation. Do ye not hear Him, I say again, calling, calling now? Ah, yes, beloved, you hear Him some of you; I see it in your faces, I hear it in your quick-drawn breath. Will ye not listen? Will ye not come to Him? Will ye not be saved? Will ye not? O will ye not?" The preacher stopped, with hands outstretched, the tears coursing down his cheeks as he looked out over the people. The deepest silence prevailed, and an awe, as from a conviction of the unseen presence of the Saviour, rested upon the congregation. There was a pause; then a pew-door opened, and quietly, with head bowed down, Henry Burton, one of the rescued men, stepped down the aisle, and knelt at the communion-rail. In a moment he was followed by Richard Tuffin; and then another and another went forward, until the little rail was well-nigh filled. As Uncle Tommy saw his son go forward, his shout of "Glory be to

God," broke the spell which seemed to hold the congregation and instantly cries of penitence on the one hand, and of the joy of fulfilled longing on the other were heard all over the church. Without closing the service Mr. Fairbairn gave out the hymn, "Come to Jesus," and invited those who were anxious to be saved to come out boldly and decidedly for Christ. As the pathetic words of invitation rang through the church one after another came to the rail or knelt in the nearest seats, and in the prayer-meeting which followed, the sound of weeping penitence, followed by the shout and rapture of assured pardon went up from many a heart. It was a sight to move the hardest heart. There were fathers rejoicing over their sons, brothers praying with sisters, mothers pointing their weeping children to the Cross. It was, indeed, a Bochim—a place of weeping. The state of nervous tension to which the people had been brought by the strain of their recent anxiety had, doubtless, much to do with this fact; the deep spiritual power leading to intense conviction of sin, had, just as unquestionably, more. There was noise, doubtless, and apparent confusion; but it was the noise of earnestness, not of mere excitement. There was little to occasion comment, there was nothing to condemn. Calm and self-controlled, Mr. Fairbairn guided the earnestness and emotion of the people to secure the best results. He did not unduly check it; he did not allow it to degenerate into mere hysteric agony. He let the Lord do His own work, and the Lord was glorified and souls were saved. Years afterwards it was looked back to by the people not as "Mr. Fairbairn's revival," but as "the great revival," and the human instrument forgotten in the honour of the Master whom he had served.

MOST quick to pardon sins is He,
Who unto God draws near;
One forward step, God taketh three
To meet and quit his fear.

If ye will have of this world's show,
God grants, while angels weep;
If ye for Paradise will sow,
Right noble crops ye reap.

—*Arnold.*

NEWFOUNDLAND

FROM SHIP AND RAIL CAR.

BY THE REV. DR. CARMAN.

I.

ALL public works in Newfoundland, great and small, are constructed, maintained, controlled and generally owned by the Government of the colony. There are no city, county, town or township councils, and municipal government is yet a thing of the future. St. Johns, the capital, with a population of 36,000, does not regulate its own sewerage, construct its own waterworks, pave its own streets or repair its own sidewalks. And, by the way, there is not much call for sewerage or sidewalks when the city is largely built on a straight up and down hillside, when the streets are like ladders and staircases and the houses are terraced into the cliffs. Harbour Grace, with some 13,000, Carbonear with its 6,000, and other outports nearly as large, are no better off as to the advantages of civic management of local affairs; that is to say, there is not what we call a chartered town or corporation in the country except the general Government, which is one corporation in all and over all. And as this, of course, has its seat in St. Johns, and the main political, commercial and ecclesiastical forces are there concentrated, it would not be wonderful if the capital received more than its share of the common revenue, or that at least the outports should suspect it did, and that this consideration should become, as it is, an element of the party contentions, and a maker and shaper of planks in the political platform.

So the ordinary highways of the country as well as the city streets are laid out and built by the Government; which also virtually built the one railway of the colony, though it is worked by a company. Their politics has the railway bone stiff and stout as ours and fully as big in proportion. Their coasting, mail and passenger service is also under direction of the Government, and comes and goes at its own bidding. It is not that the Government hires or pays lines of steamers or of railways already existing; but it must establish them or they

would not exist. No company would build and incur the risk for the sake of the trade; yet the stern necessity, if not the developing trade, may justify the policy of the Government. To estimate this necessity we must take a look at Newfoundland. Here it is, a vast triangular island with a base of 316 miles, and altitude of 317; an area of 42,000 square miles, one-sixth larger than Ireland; two-thirds the size of England and Wales together; and with a coast line of two thousand miles; having in its whole extent only 200,000 people scattered and grouped along that coast line, and perhaps not five thousand of them three miles from the sea. But how could there be a coast line of 2,000 miles on a triangle of the dimensions given above? That line is gashed with great bays, broader than Lake Ontario and half as long, at places nearly cutting the island in twain, and embraced in huge protruding arms of rocky range that themselves, with all the shore, are riven and ploughed into a thousand less bays and rough and rocky coves, around which the fishermen have built their little houses, and into the largest of which the merchants and traders have followed them and built up the villages and little towns.

Let us stand on ship-deck and look at the shore, and what we see in one place we see in nearly all: rock, towering rock, from 50 to 500 feet above the restless sea, bare and barren; mighty bulwarks against the northern main, battered and broken with iceberg; ploughed and ground with tempest and wave. What less than such ramparts and citadels, whose massive masonry was laid deep in subterranean chambers, and whose walls were lifted and piled by the twin giants, earthquake and volcano, could ever have withstood the rush of the tremendous phalanxes of iceberg and avalanche poured upon these rugged shores by the ice king of the Arctic domain, and the dash of the fierce tempests upon the storm-scarred towers? And these grand harbours, of which the island has its scores, how utterly indispensable they are, and how wonderfully they are formed! Unquestionably they are planned by infinite wisdom and excavated by Almighty Power. None less than the God that arrays the millions of the fathomless deep, marshals them at their time and leads them in their course, could have excavated these refuges for the ships or prepared these havens for seafaring men. Take a port like that of

St. Johns, where you enter as in an instant from the open sea betwixt two walls of precipitous rock, hundreds of feet high, by a passage scarcely wide enough for two vessels to pass, and come in a minute into a long and broad basin completely surrounded by equally lofty ranges of rock, where a navy may ride in calm deep sea in perfect security. Take another like that at Trinity, where we enter by a channel not much wider, and come at once into a large open bay, surrounded by towering rocks as at St. Johns, and then may press up into the land betwixt the precipitous hills on either of two extensive arms of the sea, giving not only a safe retreat but actually a hiding-place for the navies of nations. These wonders abound; but there is not one too many or one too safe when the storms of this ocean, and the fogs and currents and ice come into the account.

Think of such a coast as this, with its lofty heads bold and bald to the sea; its mountain and hill girt bays and coves; its tempest-riven and wave-worn cliffs and precipices; with the people given to fishing, and the communication by water ten-fold readier and easier than by land; and how are you going to build waggon roads and railroads? And what are you going to do with them when you get them? The answer to these questions will indicate what sort of work our missionaries have had to do in the past, and what is upon them yet in very many cases. How should men single-handed or companies of fishermen solve the road problem in a land like that? But the enterprising Newfoundlanders are solving that very problem, difficult as it is. Not by a sectional or municipal arrangement, but by the concentration of the energies and resources of all the people in the general Government they are gradually by well built roads connecting the outports, inaccessible by land as they have been, with the capital; and even invading the interior of the island, which is a *terra incognita*, and will yet be in many respects a new-found-land to the Newfoundlanders themselves. The waggon roads they have built are most of them excellent to travel upon, as the bed is hard and much of the rock is easily triturated and cements naturally, making in a little while a very smooth and solid way indeed. The road runs along the shore from harbour to harbour, connecting the coves as nearly as possible at their heads, and opening up to the

traveller some of the grandest mountain and ocean scenery in the world. It is of course climbing great heights as you go out of the coves, and then just as much descending as you go down into them again to reach the sea level; so that the good people learn to drive both very slow and very fast; at times walking up by the carriage, and at times going full chase down in true Alpine style. But the air is bracing and scenery delightful. So you neither think of your feet nor your neck. The landsman would flatter himself that he is as well off as on the sea anyhow, especially in case of a storm or a fog.

The southern shore of the island with little exception runs in its main drift nearly due east and west. The exception is the great arms that are thrown south embracing Placentia Bay. The extreme southern point on the eastern arm is Cape Race, around which we turn northward going to St. Johns. This city is at the extreme east of the island, more than five hundred miles from Halifax, and about in a line with the general course of the southern shore. The other two coast lines run north-east and north-west to the vertex at Labrador.

The railway starts at St. Johns and runs around Conception Bay, the first of the great bays that gash into the eastern coast of the island; followed as it is in order as you go northward by Trinity Bay, Bonavista Bay, Notre Dame, or Green Bay and White Bay. Placentia Bay on the south almost meets Trinity on the north and east, so nearly cutting off the south-eastern section for another island. If the tie were like the Toronto harbour defence, Old Ocean would make short work of the isthmus connection. The railway runs west from the capital, climbing hills and dodging lakes and rocks, twelve miles to Topsail, one of the prettiest beeches on the island, and a fashionable watering place; then south, close along the shore, having a beautiful view of the bay on the one side, and the rugged hill, mountain and forest on the other, to Holyrood—a cozy little place on the slopes and among the rocks in the little cove at the head of the bay; then turning here due north and climbing the mountain by great sweep of engineering skill, through wildest, grandest scenery of rocky head and quiet cove, beetling cliff and yawning gulf, it reaches the wilder plateau of forest and lake on which it threads its serpentine way, amid ledges and lagoons, past many coves to Harbour Grace, its

present terminus; making the distance from St. Johns fully double what it is across the point and then across the bay.

This railway now along the bay gives us, from the open window, a very good chance of seeing and smelling what the people are at, and how they make their living; for even a blind man could give a fair guess. Though this bay is by no means doing the business it once did, from the bayward window we see the fish-traps set in large numbers, the boats and their houses, and the flakes and stages for drying, salting, and packing the fish. Fishing has its changes, and likely improvements, as well as other human employments. The old seine has largely given way to the "trap," which is a vertical net stretched from the shore to some stakes or anchors set out in the bay, and so arranged that the fish coming in encounter the net-wall, and move outward to the enclosed place, which they enter by a narrow door; and as they know nothing about the human trick of "backing out," they are "fast." It is the old Indian deer or moose trap set down in the sea. The flakes are large platforms erected on the shore, made by putting down scores of props and laying poles across them, on which poles are spread out bark and spruce boughs. These afford large drying areas, and with the stages or covered flakes for storage, are a large share of the fisherman's stock-in-trade, as is very seriously demonstrated when the ocean in its terrific moods, as on the 7th of June last, sweeps them down by scores. Now cover these flakes and stages more or less with cod and caplin for their miles and miles in extent, and is it a wonder the air smells "fishy?"

But let us look out of the window on the landward side of our car. Up the slopes, in the little gullies betwixt the rocks, wherever they can gather or make a little soil, the women are cultivating their fields and gardens, doing what they can to have some potatoes, cabbage, beans, and like sort of vegetables to give variety and freshness to what otherwise would likely be a very lean, dry, and uniform bill of fare. The soil of Newfoundland is scarcely what we would call soil in Ontario, but looks hard and hungry, something like our "hardpan," yet it is amazing what is brought out of it. Near St. Johns I saw fields of potatoes and oats, and gardens of various products that would be creditable to sunnier climes and softer lands.

Farming there means work. There is much mulching done; the bog lands not productive in themselves are brought out and mixed with the gravel, then enriched with manure, compost, and refuse fish, and a nutritious and oderiferous bed is formed that sends along growth in a hurry. On the southern face of a sunny hill at Dunluce, the suburban estate of James Whiteford, Esq., of St. Johns, I saw a fine field of growing corn, good as much in Ontario at that time; and our hospitable and genial friend was fairly smacking his lips over the idea of the green corn he would at least secure. Strawberries and gooseberries are cultivated successfully with ease; and as to potatoes and cabbages, they are about as good as in our northernmost counties, and free from bug and worm. Pork and cabbage are, they say, the national dish, and surely it is a good solid one, and, in that clime, helps to make a solid people. Except in a few of the larger farms, which, by the way, *we* would not say are very large, and the fancy gardens, the women, for the most part, do the work of tillage, as most of the men are off in the Labrador fisheries; and even those at home spend their time in their boats from early morn till late at eve. At the time I passed through (June 2nd) the potatoes were just ready for the caplin. The caplin is the cod food and cod bait—a very delicate little fish, six or eight inches long, white and very sweet and delicious when fried, that swarms on the coast by countless millions about the first of July, and is taken by boat load upon boat load, and the boats schooners at that. Part is used for bait, part dried for winter's use, but the greater part is sold for manure; a shilling a barrel, a dollar for a large cart load. These fish are spread along by the growing stalks, and after a little covered in with a spade. Again, when this work is going on for all the miles of your route, is it any wonder the air smells "fishy?" But even during that portion of the day that the sun is hot the air is fresh and cool, so that one comes to enjoy it all; and about meal-time, with his keen appetite, he declares it is healthy.

Bro. Dove, District Superintendent, and I left the train at Salmon Cove, and drove down over the hills to Brigus. It was the usual bracing air and majestic inspiring scenery; all at once from the hills we came down upon Brigus; and oh! what a town! what a tug betwixt houses and rocks; rocks all around

and above ; rocks under and through. Brave Skipper Bartlett, a native sea captain, with whom I was privileged to lodge, showed me where he had years ago tunnelled the frowning shore cliff to make way for his fish and his stores to and from the water. When rock is too bold and steep to land upon what could they do but bore through it? *Fit via vi*, freely rendered, "I find a way or make it." Brigus has been a place of much trade and great wealth, but is now apparently waning. You look round at these bald rocks, bare hills, bluffs, heads and precipices, and at this hard soil and scrubby timber growth, and you wonder whence the trade and wealth came. But just smell, take in a good sniff, and the air is thick and rich and strong from the sea and its exhaustless stores. Here are the cod and the caplin, and there are the women on the slopes fertilizing their little potato and cabbage patches, and the old skippers tell you about their catches of seal, worth in one season £20,000. But ah, the bad seasons, and the precarious catches, and the losses by storm, and the wear and tear of vessel and tackle ; and worse than all else, the ruinous rum, the ruinous rum ! No wonder there was wealth; no wonder there is reverse and poverty. Rum ! rum ! thou terrific ruin, thou dreadful destroyer. Thou hast wrecked fortunes and sunk navies, as well as desolated homes, darkened hopes and destroyed character and body and soul ! In this barrenness of shore, the farms are on the sea. And what bold adventurous farmers are these, treading the deck of the plunging ship, ploughing the rolling main. What dangers encompass and what temptations beset these men ! How they need the missionary of the Cross ! Ay, and the schoolmaster too ; for such a life is a broad field for both ignorance and irreligion. And, after all, few more gladly receive the missionary and the Master ; and perhaps none better heed these lessons and their calls.

Here, as elsewhere, you find the currents of trade changing : some places declining, others improving and advancing. In the days of wind and tide navigation, one place has the vantage ground ; in the days of steam navigation, quite another place comes to the front. We see this in our own good land and along our own noble water courses. Had it been St. Lawrence barge or Durham boat and Lake Ontario schooner to this day, and no Grand Trunk by the lake and in the

valley of the river, Kingston would likely have been over the one hundred thousand and Toronto under forty. But now, the case is reversed. Again, even fish change their routes and rendezvous, their feeding fields and spawning resorts; so if a town has risen on lobsters it is bad if the lobster backs up on its old shoals; or if on salmon it is unfortunate if the salmon, disgusted with old tracks and leaps, finds new channels and cascades. The fate of cities has sometimes depended on less worthy whims and notions than those of lobsters, caplin or clams, whence it would not be strange if something similar fell out to the Newfoundlanders. It is said the discovery of the way to India around the Cape of Good Hope took the life out of Venice, Genoa, Damascus, and all the cities of the old transcontinental caravan route; diverted the wealth-producing trade in silks and pearls, spices and gems to other realms, and built up other great manufacturing and commercial centres along the Northern Sea and the inlets from the British Channel. Why shouldn't Brigus, Carbonear and other fine places on Conception Bay suffer if the fish and seals take it into their heads to go to the Labrador and further north, and if steam communication carry the products and steer past them directly to and from the capital? So while St. Johns is thriving some other places are not so prosperous.

At Brigus there was improved the opportunity to hold service. The congregation was almost of women, the men being away in the fisheries. There was the same experience in preaching the next night at Cupids, just around a great hill in the next cove about three miles from Brigus. Ascending the hill and looking backward from the northern slope there is in view one of the most perfect and majestic rocky amphitheatres on the globe. It is a marvel of perfection and sublimity. From the southern side, the eye sweeps out over the ocean and along the rocky coast east and west till one is filled with amazement and awe. There are the islands, storm-beaten and riven pillars of rock. There are the far-reaching lofty headlands as bold and barren and bald. There are the open bays and little coves of all shapes and sizes, and there are the large mountain-locked harbours with gateways like the pillars of Hercules. One could linger on a scene like this for hours, and the longer he would look and the further he could see, the

more deeply would he be impressed with the conviction that nature has forces and energies far, far beyond human thought, and times and ways, periods and ends of working far, far beyond the understanding of man. In such a presence and such a place man is weighed down under a sense of his littleness, the weakness of his arm, and the brevity and changeableness of his earthly estate, and an overwhelming demonstration of the power, infinity, and eternity of the great God.

A carriage drive of a few hours takes us from Cupids, past several coves and bays up and down the hills, along by Port du Grace and Bay Roberts, places lying out for miles on the far-reaching arms of their respective bays, to Harbour Grace, the second city of the island in population, and importance; and, it will be remembered, the town famous for the riots and disturbances betwixt Orangemen and Roman Catholics a year or so ago. This unfortunate affair, arising out of the determination of the Papists to stop a Protestant procession, has terribly embittered the feelings of both parties and left a sensitiveness that may easily be quickened again into violence. Here we have an excellent property and good cause. The congregation Sabbath morning gave us again a goodly proportion of males as did also the evening service at Carbonear, four miles further on.

If one asks a lovely view, let him on a bright evening descend the hill crossed in going from Harbour Grace to Carbonear. This delightful town lies in one of the pleasantest coves and on one of the most extensive of the few gradually sloping hillsides of the island. Different from both Harbour Grace and St. Johns, it has a refreshingly Protestant air and appearance. There is some regularity in its plan; the homes are pleasant and many of them on the luxurious side of comfortable; the streets are clean, and the whole place shows up neatness and thrift. It is one of the first settled places in the colony, the landing-place of the first Methodist preachers, and in moral and religious movements a leader among the princes of the land. Our Methodism holds high rank and has done and is doing good work. And here are a noble Methodist property of mission-house, church, and schools, and one of the largest congregations in the country.

THE HIGHER LIFE.

FELLOWSHIP WITH CHRIST.

BY THE REV. F. BOTTOME, D.D.

"*My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God.*"—*Psa. xlii. 2.*

I LONG for rest, for rest of soul,
For something more than self-control;
For something more than pride has sought
In creed or settlement of thought;
For something more than art can teach,
Or hand of cultured science reach;
I long for rest, but find no goal
Wherein to rest my weary soul.

I long for rest, yet not from strife;
With sin, or weariness of life;
My longing is a thirst that springs
From tasting of diviner things:
It is as though an absent friend
Should some endearing token send,
Which sets me all aglow to see
And bring him face to face with me.

It is as when the moistened clay
Upon the long-sealed eye-balls lay,
And to the opening vision light
Brought sudden consciousness of sight,
And men, as trees, went walking by;
Trembling, I see the light, but cry,
"Yet touch mine eyes again, I pray,
And bring me into perfect day!"

I must have rest! but rest must be,
O Christ, in knowing only Thee!
Not heaven itself can satisfy,
Nor yet Thy grace my want supply;
Love seeks not gift that does not bring
The Giver with the meaner thing.
I long for Thee! nor will I rest
Until I lean upon Thy breast.

A DEVOTIONAL SPIRIT.

Separation from sin is the first requisite to a devotional spirit.

The sinner cannot at the same time be a saint. A man whose life is evil, and whose thoughts are base, is never in the devotional frame of mind. Before Christ reigns in any human heart the devil must be cast out. When Christ is enthroned spiritual aptitudes take their rightful place. His Spirit helpeth our infirmities. We aspire to be like Him. We groan to be set free from impediments to spiritual progress, and to attain to a state of fervent communion with God. Thus the downward bent of our minds is arrested and the upward tendency is established. Then must come watchfulness and prayer. These must not be separated. We cannot consistently ask God to "Lead us not into temptation," unless we also set a guard. We cannot expect worldly thoughts to recede and give place to pure and holy feelings, while we at the same time give loose reins to our fancy, allow our imagination to play with corrupt images, and suffer our minds to brood over the frivolous and profane. The temple of the heart into which foul things are constantly invited cannot long remain pure. We must resist evil inclinations. We must be vigilant in thought, self-denying in action, and crucifying to wrong desires. We must meditate upon whatsoever things are pure, honest, just, lovely, and of good report. We must inure our minds to sober reflection. We must encourage serious thoughts, and hold them when they come. A good thought allowed to rush through the mind and then be gone forever, is of little practical use. We must seize upon it, constrain it to remain, analyze it, examine its bearings, incorporate it into our principles, else it makes no lasting impression upon our hearts. The best way, the only way, to exclude the unworthy from our minds is thus to make practical use of the worthy. An intellect busy with high and holy ideals is not likely to amplify the vain or vicious. To get good thoughts we must commune with good minds. Our reading should be carefully chosen. It is not enough that we avoid corrupt writings, which debauch the imagination and poison the principles; we must also refuse the idle, trifling and insipid. Even though comparatively harmless, such works "debase the taste, slacken the intellectual nerve, let down the understanding, set the fancy loose, and send it gadding among low and mean objects." To brood over such is not only a waste of time, but a destruction of the appetite for better things. There are precious few minds in this world so loaded

with weighty ideas, so trained in the channels of solid intellectual exercise, that they need much diversion in light reading of any sort. We common folks, busied with ordinary pursuits, have more need of solemn truth than of airy fiction to maintain in ourselves a decent mental equilibrium. There are books accessible to us all which, while entertaining, tend to raise a devotional spirit. They awaken the affections without disordering them. They elevate and purify the aspirations, reveal true character to us, and foster a desire for the spiritual and holy. They show us the malignity of sin, the deformity of our hearts, the evil lurking in our wills, and unfold better ideals, point to the Saviour, incline us to seek His face and favour, persuaded that there is no salvation in any other. The same is true of some companionships. There are people whose very presence is an incitement to holiness. They have a power of character which makes itself felt without speech or action. Their conversation is also inspiring, and their deportment in keeping with their profession. They are not austere, but pure, not ostentatious, but wise and good. How much better the society of these than the intimacies of such as dote on frolics and fashions, sordid gains and low endeavours! How much more real, too, their happiness, the comfort they get out of life, and the permanent advantages they gain from existence. They have the prize of their high calling in view, and are occupying their moments with reference to the eternal years. In this world we must make good use of our privileges and powers. We must be diligent students of the Word and frequent applicants at the throne. Bible study, private prayer, public worship, and earnest Christian work, are the truest and most healthful methods of religious culture and growth. Study makes us wise, prayer makes us devout, worship inspires us, and work promotes good spiritual circulation. These bring the calm of an approving conscience and the smile of God. With due care that all our occupations and amusements are such as we can implore God's blessing upon, and with firm purpose to exercise ourselves vigorously in all Christian duties, we shall find our spirits increasingly devotional and our conscious preparation for heaven more and more perfect.—*J. H. Potts, D.D.*

A Holy Life is True Force.

If you would be useful be careful of your life. Many a man's

lips are sealed from speaking to others by the consciousness of his own inconsistencies. I do not mean to say that this is an excuse. If one has been inconsistent before the impenitent, he ought to admit it, confess it, and then speak for Jesus. The influence a truth or statement may have depends very much upon who shall utter it. I have heard a plain, hesitating, uneducated man speak, and every one listened attentively and respectfully, while his simply-uttered supplications impressed the most unconcerned. In the same meeting I have heard one speak in fine language and with great fluency, and pray with real eloquence, and every one seemed utterly indifferent, if not disrespectful. The difference was accounted for by the difference in the characters of the two men.

The first man's life was Christ-like, gentle; kindness was a ruling characteristic. The other was hard, censorious, not easily pleased nor disposed to incommode himself to accommodate others.

A gentleman from England wrote that he went in some one of our cities into the morning prayer-meeting of one of the churches; that during the meeting a man spoke with little or no animation, and the address was wanting in all the elements calculated to produce an impression; yet, to his astonishment the entire meeting appeared to be listening with rapt attention, and it was but a little before he saw many of the people were in tears. He was so utterly surprised at the result that he was led to inquire about it at the close of the service. He was told that the man who had spoken was so remarkable for his uniform Christian consistency, and was so gentle and affectionate, that his words were always weighty, for that his life had secured him the affection of the whole church. This visitor wrote further, that he went to the meeting the following morning, and was much interested in the whole service, and especially so in a gentleman's address, who spoke with such fervour and eloquence as to excite his feelings intensely, so that he found himself weeping profusely, and supposed that everybody in the meeting would be as much excited as himself; but on looking around he found that he was the only weeper to be seen. Again he was astonished, but the solution was the fact that, while his brethren did not question his being a Christian, his life had not compelled their respect.—*From Winning Souls.*

Confessing Sin.

Many individuals manifest the highest dissatisfaction with any prayer in which they are called to unite, however deep the devotion, intense the love and gratitude, and implicit the faith and obedience, manifested in the hallowed exercise, if it contains not a confession of sin. On the other hand, they will manifest little or no dissatisfaction with a prayer containing such a confession, however destitute of the above characteristics, and however cold and formal such confessions may be. This shows that they have a much higher regard for the *form* than for the *spirit* of devotion, the worst state almost in which a professing Christian can be found.

Persons of this class almost universally desire that sins when confessed shall be confessed only in the most general form. When the individual leading in prayer confesses that all present are sinners, and aggravated sinners, they are well pleased. But if he descend to particulars, and confesses, for example, the sins of oppression, covetousness, or sensuality as attaching to the Church, they will at once impute to him a spirit of slander and denunciation. Their dissatisfaction will be quite as great as if no confession at all were made. How fearfully must such individuals have apostatized from God.

Other individuals make a virtue of confession, substituting it for repentance and an abandonment of sin. Expostulate with them about any particular sin, and instead of confessing their guilt in the spirit of David, they will reply, "Well, I know I am a most guilty, polluted wretch, always, Paul-like, doing that which I would not." On such a heartless confession conscience is laid asleep, and the individual will then sin on for weeks and months, almost without remorse. All such confessions, yes, the entire spirit above described, God regards as a "smoke in His nose." They never ascend with the pure incense "offered before the throne, with the prayers of all the saints."

Reader, God will regard your confessions with acceptance only when you have particular sins to confess, sins in the confession of which your soul is deeply humbled, and from the power of which you are seeking full and perfect deliverance. Then you will find Him, "faithful and just to forgive your sins, and to cleanse you from all unrighteousness."—*A. Mahan.*

CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

Summer by the Sea.

Ever since the days of Horace, in the fervid months of summer men have fled the sweltering cities for the sea. And certainly Rome and Naples know few hotter days than those of July and August in New York and Philadelphia, not to speak of Toronto and Montreal. And few pleasanter places of summer resort are known than this city by the sea, Ocean Grove and Asbury Park. Their growth, even in this age of rapid growth, is quite phenomenal. Fifteen years ago this place was a barren, sandy beach. Last year in three months and a half 680,000 persons arrived at the railway station, as many as 14,300 arriving or departing on a single day. The position of the place, nearly midway between New York and Philadelphia, on the New Jersey coast, in part explains this remarkable development. Still more does Ocean Grove owe its success to the wise administration of the camp-meeting association, of which the Rev. Dr. Stokes is president. The object of the association is not to make money but to do good. There are no dividends to shareholders. All the profits of the enterprise are spent on the improvement of the grounds. Ocean Grove is a great centre of moral and religious influence. No place in the world, I think, exhibits more grandly the possibilities of a Christian civilization. We are justly proud of our Toronto Sabbaths. No city in the world, I think, can parallel their Christian observance. But the constitution of the Camp-meeting Association gives it such absolute control as no municipality can attain. Not a wheel moves, not a hoof stirs, not even a milk-bell jangles on the sacred day ; and of course no liquor is sold on any day of the week. The result is a Sabbath of ideal quietude and serenity, very reposeful amid the rush of modern life.

Ocean Grove is also the scene of a series of religious educational philanthropic gatherings ; as the National Temperance Society, Woman's Temperance Union, Woman's Missionary Society, Sunday-School Assembly, Chautauqua Assembly, and the like. Bishop Mallalieu, Dr. Newman, Dr. Vincent, Chaplain McCabe, Colonel Bain and a host of others take part. Canada is represented by Mr. Edward Carswell, Rev. C. S. Eby, and the Editor of this Magazine. There is also quite a Canadian colony of visitors. Of course one of the great attractions is the magnificent surf bathing. It is most inspiring to hear the thunder of the "league-long rollers" breaking on the shore and to feel their exhilarating impact upon one's spine. A peculiar usage is the Sunday evening's surf-meeting. The people by thousands sit upon the sands, at times as many, it is estimated, as 20,000. A printed responsive service is read and sung—the singing led by a key bugle, and the voices of the great multitude mingle with the voice of the many waters in a sublime anthem.

I witnessed what is seldom seen even here—the rescue of a shipwrecked crew by a lifeboat. All efforts to fire the life line over the vessel failed. A heavy north-easter was blowing, and for an hour the lifeboat crew battled with the breakers, but were driven back defeated to the shore. A second time, amid the cheers of thousands of spectators, and, it must be added, amid the prayers and tears of not a few, the boat was launched. Strong arms forced her through the breakers, but it made the heart leap into the throat with a sense of sickening fear as she at times disappeared from sight. But what a cheer that was that ran along the crowded beach as the shipwrecked crew were taken off, and again and again as, scudding before the wind and sea, the lifeboat swept to the shore !

I found a very pleasant way to reach this place—and one little travelled, I think, by Canadians—by the Delaware and Lackawanna Railway. It may be taken either at Buffalo or Utica. If at the latter place, one should not fail to visit the Trenton Falls, only seventeen miles distant—one of the most beautiful spots I ever saw. At Scranton I went down one of the hundreds of coal mines by which the Lackawanna Valley is honeycombed, and rode over the Pennsylvania Coal Company's gravity railroad to Hawley—a distance of thirty-six miles without a locomotive. The experience is unique. One is drawn up a series of steep inclines by stationary engines and then glides down, as on a toboggan slide, with ever-increasing velocity to the next incline, a distance in some cases of fourteen miles. As one sits at the front of the foremost car, overlooking miles of hills and valleys, and, free from dust and cinders, inhales the sweet mountain air fragrant with the breath of new-mown hay, wild berries and sweet briar, and swinging round great curves and sweeping along a mountain's side, feels the swift winds rush by, it is the veriest luxury of travel.

One should not fail either to stop over night at Delaware Water Gap, where the Delaware river forces its way through a narrow pass in the Kittatiny or Blue Mountains. Almost perpendicular walls of rock, with strangely contorted strata, rise on either side to a height of 1,600 feet. The view of the "Gap" in the afternoon light, as the purple shadows fill the gorge, is most impressive, especially as seen from the summit of either hill. I have seen few things combining more exquisitely the beautiful and the sublime.

Death of General Grant.

The saying that Republics are ungrateful has been signally disproved in the case of General Grant. Never was such a funeral pageant witnessed on this continent as that of the saviour of the Union. This well-earned title was his chief claim to the homage of the nation. As President he was not a brilliant success. The noblest trait of his character was his magnanimity. In him the South found a true friend. His treatment of the conquered was at once generous and just. As a consequence, both North and South bend with sorrow over his grave, and the last remnant of estrangement and bitterness is, we trust, buried in his tomb. In his personal and domestic relations his example is a precious legacy to the nation. Nevertheless that example in relation to religion might have been more potent still. Not till his last illness did he exhibit much religious earnestness. That long and painful illness was, we believe, a hallowed discipline bringing forth the peaceable fruits of righteousness. His friend and pastor, Dr. Newman, informed the writer that a few days before he died General Grant wrote as follows: "Death finds most men unprepared. Some time ago it would have found me so. But I am thankful to say that is no longer the case," and he continued to gratefully acknowledge the providence of God in prolonging his life.

In private life Gen. Grant was exceedingly affable. We called upon him once at his cottage, at Long Branch, and were very courteously received. We remarked that an old friend of his—Jeff Davis—was then in Canada. He smiled and paid a very generous tribute, not to Davis, but to Alexander Stephens, whom he pronounced the brain of the Confederacy. We saw him last within a week of his death, and were shocked at his death-stricken appearance. He has gone to his grave amid the sincere grief of the entire nation. He is not such a majestic historic character as Lincoln, but he had the better fortune to survive the bitterness of strife. He must, however, occupy a lower niche in the temple of Fame. We could not help contrasting his funeral pageant with the humble burial of John Wesley—six poor men carrying him at dawn of day to his lowly grave. Yet in moral influence on the destinies of the race how vastly greater were the labours of the founder of Methodism.

The London Revelations.

When a large stone in a meadow, green and moss-grown and beautiful as it may be, is overturned, there is a great scurrying to and fro of the centipedes, pismires and crawling vermin that burrowed beneath it, dazed and confounded by the light of day. So when the broad and burning light of public scorn and indignation is poured upon the slimy trail and hidden works of darkness of the foul vermin that burrow in the filth of London life, there is much scurrying for concealment and loud complaints against the revealing light. 'Tis a thousand pities that such horrors should be hidden beneath the fair-seeming surface of a Christian civilization, but better that a light blasting as that of the judgment day should blaze upon them than that such social vermin, titled and crested and coronetted though they may be, should continue with impunity to prey upon their victims and revel in their lusts. In an age of luxury and wealth and reckless pursuit of pleasure, we need a reassertion of that Puritan morality which made England great in the days of Cromwell and Milton. The churches must testify, the pulpit must thunder against vice in high places or in low, the press must lend its powerful aid in bringing an aroused public opinion to bear upon social vice.

RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, M.A.

Wesleyan Methodist.

The Conference assembled at Newcastle-on-Tyne. There were 600 ministers present at the opening session. The Rev. Richard Roberts was elected President on the first ballot, and the Rev. Robert Newton Young, D.D., was re-elected Secretary. Mr. Roberts is said to be the first President capable of preaching in the Welsh language. He is a well-known minister of 40 years' standing, and has long been one of the most popular ministers in the denomination.

Dr. Young was born in Nova Scotia, where his father was stationed in 1826-30. He visited Canada a few years ago when he was representative to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States. The net increase of the membership is 2,880. During the past five years the increase in the membership has amounted to 36,550.

On the 12th of June the foundation stones of the Memorial Church to the memory of the late Dr. Punshon were laid at Bournemouth in the presence of an immense concourse of people. There will be a large school-room and six vestries in connection with the church. The total cost will be about $40,000.

The memorial stones of a new Methodist hall were recently laid in Manchester. The new buildings are estimated to cost $170,000, and will consist of a large hall, in the form of an amphitheatre, to seat 1,260 persons.

The French Conference met at Calais, and consists only of 15 members. A number of laymen were present. The ministers receive only $500 salary and $40 per child, but for several years past there has been a reduction on these amounts of from 10 to 20 per cent.

Methodism in South Africa makes a good showing. It has 30,000 persons meeting in class. The English increase is the largest ever recorded in that country.

THE METHODIST CHURCH—NEWFOUNDLAND CONFERENCE.

This Conference met in the city of St. John's, June 24th, and was in session more than a week. The Rev. G. J. Bond, A.B., was elected President, and the Rev. G. Boyd, Secretary. General Superintendent Carman reached the Conference during the first day's session and received a most cordial greeting. He remained a few weeks on the island and visited several circuits and missions. His visit will no doubt be productive of great good. The entire population is 193,000. In ten years the Catholics have increased in numbers 16 per cent., and the Protestants 31 per cent. Some of the stations within the bounds of this Conference are very laborious. One brother has 17 appointments, some of which he reaches by boat, others can only be visited after toilsome journeys on foot. Another is stationed in lonely Labrador, where for a considerable portion of the year he is entirely cut off from other parts of the world. Dr. Carman regards the brethren of this Conference as being worthy of being classed among "the heroes of Methodism." The claims of Newfoundland deserve to be better understood.

The most noteworthy incident in connection with the Conference was a scheme for the erection of a Methodist college and ministers' children's home. It is believed the scheme will be eminently successful. The cost will probably be $30,000, $17,000 of which has been subscribed, the ministers, as usual, contributing most liberally. This Conference is in great want of four additional men for its ministry.

NEW BRUNSWICK AND PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND CONFERENCE.

This Conference assembled at Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, and was opened by the Rev. Dr. Carman, General Superintendent, who presided on alternate days with the President. Rev. Job Shenton was chosen President, and Rev. Robert Wilson, Secretary. The Woman's Missionary Society is very vigorous. The Conference is fully alive to the importance of circulating good, wholesome literature in the community, and adopted a resolution in favour of colporteurs being employed for that purpose. Too much importance cannot be attached to this department of Christian duty. The Conference reported a gratifying increase in the membership of the Church.

THE NOVA SCOTIA CONFERENCE met at Lunenburg, in a beautiful church which had been recently erected and was greatly admired. The Rev. J. Cassidy was elected President, and the Rev. C. Jost, Secretary. It was a somewhat remarkable incident that the rector of the Episcopal Church entertained one of the members of the Conference as his guest. The ministers in this Conference, like their brethren elsewhere, know what deficiencies mean. The average deficiency of married men is $238.90, on an allowance of $750. A friend in Halifax sent $100 to assist in relieving special cases of deficiency.

The Educational Institutions at Mount Allison are within the bounds of this Conference. The College has $100,000 endowment, 106 graduates in arts, of whom 35 are ministers, 20 high-school teachers, two professors at Dalhousie and two at Mount Allison, 15 lawyers, seven physicians, three journalists, with one of the ablest men in the Dominion Parliament—the Deputy Minister of Justice. At London and Edinburgh Universities, Mount Allison students have won highest honours.

It is gratifying to record the fact that the Eastern Conferences of the Methodist Church, like the Conferences in the West, spoke most vigorously on the temperance question, and all alike condemned the action of the Senate of the Dominion Parliament in its proposed amendments to the Scott Act.

Since Dr. Carman's return to Ontario he has published two vigorous letters respecting his visit to the Maritime Provinces and Newfoundland. He was evidently pleased with his trip, and was favourably im-

pressed with the character of Methodism as presented in his travels. The want of additional labourers is greatly felt, and the Doctor thinks that brethren in Ontario would have no cause to reget going eastward at least for a few years.

A new building for Methodist educational purposes is about to be erected in St. John's, Newfoundland. The building will be used for male and female academies, lecture hall, a home for the education of ministers' children, gynasium, institute, etc. At a meeting presided over by the Rev. Dr. Milligan $1,400 was subscribed.

It is gratifying to know that during the insurrection in the North-West not one of the 10,000 Indians under the care of the Methodist missionaries has been found associated with the rebels. Revs. J. Macdougal and T. Lawson have been of service to General Middleton both as chaplains and in other respects. Another missionary writing from Manitoba says, "When this rebellion is suppressed, and the claims of the different parties come up for adjustment, I hope the Indians will receive more kindly consideration in the future than they have in the past."

At Amherstburgh, London Conference, "a great revival is in progress." About 300 have decided for Christ. The brethren both in Montreal and other Conferences who have been labouring as evangelists during the past year have been made so abundantly useful that in our humble opinion it would be a wise regulation for all the Conferences to have a few of their members who possess the requisite qualification to be set apart to labour in this particular department.

A member of the Methodist Church at Numadzu, Japan, recently died. His was the first death that had occurred in the society. The funeral was conducted according to Methodist usage, much against the wishes of the priests of the country.

In one of the Conferences in the Maritime Provinces, the Rev. G. F. Johnson, has baptized over 40 adults during the current ecclesiastical year. Rev. B. C. Borden also one Sabbath received 21 persons into full membership. Several other ministers in various Conferences have also received large numbers into the Church.

Methodist Episcopal Church South.

Seven bishops have died in eight years. Either feeble men have been selected, or the duties of office are so trying that men of ordinary health are unable to bear the strain.

During the year the Publishing House at Nashville has issued 37 new publications, which are to be permanent contributions to the literature of the Church. Besides these a large number of books have been published for outside parties. The sales of books have amounted to $100 000. The income from the *Christian Advocate* and Sunday-school publications exceeds $24,000. The net profits of the business for the year are $56,000. The net profits of the business for the year are $56,000. The debt has been reduced $226,000 in seven years. The aggregate businesss amounts to nearly $1,000 per day.

Rev. A. H. Sutherland, Superintendent of the Mexican Border Mission, has 40 native preachers and 1,200 Church members under his care. He says, "The Southern Methodists in this mission have more native preachers and members than all other denominations put together, and we are the youngest in the field."

"Sam. P. Jones," of Georgia, has been conducting evangelistic services in Nashville which are without a parallel in that city. From 4,000 to 5,000 persons attend the morning and evening services, many going at least two hours before the time so as to obtain seats. Hundreds are forced to stand during the whole service. All classes attend, and during the first week two hundred professed conversion.

ITEMS.

Old Damascus, where Paul met Ananias, and received the restoration of his eye-sight, is not entirely Christian, yet the name of Christ has perhaps never since Ananias' day been unrepresented here. It now has a population of 150,000, of which about 120,000 are Moslems, about 20,000 Christians, and about 9,000 Jews.

A remarkable meeting was the one in London the other day on the departure of eight new misssionaries for the Chinese Inland Mission, which has some of the features of Bishop William Taylor's African Mission. Mr. J. Hudson Taylor is at its head. It is unsectarian, and is supported by voluntary offerings; they amount to some $10,000 per month; and the mission has over 100 missionaries in China. They go inland, dress like the natives, and, as far as possible, live like them. They are artisans, and physicians, as well as preachers. They have done a great deal of brave pioneer work and are still at it. The meeting to which reference is made above was presided over by George Williams, who founded the first Young Men's Christian Association. The men who were going were all university men. They were famous as athletes, one of them the chief of the oarsmen and the other the best bowler at cricket in the kingdom. There was a brave officer who had surrendered his commission in the army for a missionary's life. The farewell meeting was like a Methodist lovefeast. Mr. Taylor goes back with them.

The Roman Catholics of Germany have organized a "Palestine Union" for the propagation of the Roman Catholic faith among the natives of the Holy Land, and the amelioration of the country by the erection of churches, schools and hospitals, and the establishment of Roman Catholic colonies.

The present mayor of Hong Kong is a Chinese gentleman who has embraced Christianity.

A young Japanese Christian, imprisoned at Tokio for too free expression of his liberal sentiments, laboured successfully for the conversion of a fellow-prisoner. Others gathered to hear him till he had a congregation of 300 earnest listeners. At his liberation he informed the authorities of the miserable condition of the prisoners, when he was appointed governor of a new prison, with permission to teach and practise the doctrines of Christianity.

Forty-three prayer-meetings were recently held in one evening by the Metropolitan Tabernacle congregation, London, Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, pastor.

A Bread and Cheese Mission is conducted by the East London Tract Society and Christian Mission. Missionaries go out during the silent hours of midnight, to carry a piece of bread and cheese to the hungry who are walking the streets, unable to pay for a bed in even the lowest lodging-house. A word is spoken and a tract given along with the food. Among persons thus relieved was an old man, 82 years of age, who was raking the gutter outside a greengrocer's shop, at three o'clock in the morning, for pieces of orange peel.

The national memorial to Gordon, in taking the form of a home for wounded soldiers and sailors, will be a very becoming and highly educationl fact. It is very happy, too, that the Government of Egypt has given the land on which the institution is to be erected.

Sir William Muir has been so stout and steady a friend of missions and missionaries, that we follow him with great interest, and it is "just like him" that, though Principal of Edinburgh University, he finds time to attend evangelistic meetings for students, and urges them to be "out-and-out" Christians.

Japanese Christian Church members last year averaged $4.90 in their benevolent contributions. If all the members of our churches gave on the same scale, the treasuries of our missionary and benevolent societies would overflow.

The Death-Roll.

The American continent has been clothed in gloom as the tidings was flashed from one end to the other that General Grant had succumbed to the universal conqueror. It is gratifying to learn that some who had fought against him in the field of battle were among the mourners and assisted to convey his remains to his last resting-place. Though a victorious warrior, and President of the United States for two terms, he was a humble penitent, and sought mercy through the world's Redeemer. He died July 23rd, in the 63rd year of his age.

The Rev. Dr. S. Irenæus Prime died at Manchester, Vermont, July 18th, aged 73. For 40 years he was Editor of the *Observer*, published at New York. He was a man of great sanctity of life, was possessed of a catholic spirit, and was distinguished above many for the versatility of his talents. The journal of which he was the chief editor was one of the most influential weeklies of the religious press. He wrote on almost all subjects, and always wrote well. Dr. Prime was intended for the ministry, but after a few years he resigned the pastorate and took the tripod ; but, though possessed of a weak voice, he often preached. His strong physical and mental powers were vigorous until within a few days before the final summons called him to his heavenly home.

The Rev. Wm. Gilbert, of the Bible Christian Church, England, finished his course July 6th. He had attained the age of 64, and had been in the ministry 39 years. He was President of Conference one year and Secretary five years. He was also Missionary Secretary. He was a faithful servant of the Church, and laboured with great zeal in the onerous positions which he was called to fill.

The Rev. Edwin Paxton Hood, of London, England, has gone over to the great majority. Few men were better known in England and Scotland ; forty years he was constantly employed as a lecturer on temperance and literary subjects. He settled down as a Congregational minister and became a voluminous author. He was a man of great industry and abundant in labours.

The Rev. Andrew A. Smith, an honoured Methodist minister, of the Montreal Conference, died at Cornwall, August 9th, in the 36th year of his ministry. During the last two years he was raised to the position of District Superintendent, a proof of the confidence entertained in his ability on the part of the Montreal Conference. He was a brother greatly beloved, full of faith and of good works. The particulars concerning his death we have not yet learned.

By the death of Sir Francis Hincks, a veteran politician, who played a large part in the history of his country, has passed away. During some stormy periods of public agitation he encountered his full share of opposition and hostile criticism, not to say vituperation ; but he lived it all down, and his latter years were spent in dignified retirement and in the enjoyment of the respect and confidence of men of all polititical parties.

The Rev. Thomas Newton died suddenly at Victoria Station, London, England. He was President of the Annual Assembly of the United Methodist Free Churches in 1866, and for many years filled the office of Book Steward.

BOOK NOTICES.

The Book-Lover. A Guide to the Best Reading. By JAMES BALDWIN, Ph.D. Pp. 201. Chicago: Jansen McClurg & Co. Toronto: William Briggs.

Dr. Baldwin's comprehensive studies evinced in his volume on "English Literature and Literary Criticism," are a guarantee of his qualifications for the difficult and delicate task undertaken in this book. It is not merely a catalogue of good books. It is a series of admirable essays on the choice of books; the sort of books to avoid and the best way to study even the best books; the value and use of libraries; books for scholars; books for young folk; hints for the formation of libraries; courses of reading in history, science, philosophy, religion, politics, and the practical study of English literature. Parents and young people will find these suggestions of the greatest value in selecting from the bewildering resources of literature the books that will best repay study. It is painful to see the way in which thousands waste, and worse than waste their time over books which are useless or positively pernicious, to the neglect of the priceless treasures within their reach. It reminds one of the "muck-rake" in Pilgrim's Progress, groping in the dirt while an angel holds above his head a crown of life.

Even many of our best furnished houses, where everything speaks of wealth and luxury, are often most meagrely supplied with the best of all furnishing—good books; and our Sunday-school and village libraries, which mould the taste and character of so many young people, are often burdened with the veriest trash—weak, wishy-washy, skim-milk stories, of which one might read a thousand without being one whit the better. Yet purchasers will spurn the advice of "Winnowed Lists" and wise suggestions in order to gratify the appetite of young readers for the exciting story-books on which it delights to feed.

One of the finest features of this dainty volume is its copious citations from the best authors on the subjects discussed. To the prelude on the praise of books might be added the following tribute by Lord Bacon which the present writer endeavours to translate into a sonnet:

"If the invention of the ship was thought so noble, which carrieth riches and commodities from place to place, and consociateth the most remote regions in the participation of their fruits, how much more are letters to be magnified, which, as ships, pass through vast seas of time, and make ages so distant participate in the wisdom, illumination, and inventions, the one of the other."—BACON,—*Instauratio Scientiarum.*

As richly-freighted ships sail o'er the seas,
Bearing the products of remotest lands,
And link by strongest ties most distant strands,
In spite of stormy waves and blustering breeze;
So sail wise books across the deeps of Time,
Freighted with precious pearls of human thought—
Such priceless treasure riches never bought,—
The garnered wealth of ancient lore sublime.

Many, alas, have sunk beneath the deep,
Dark waters of oblivion; but some
Their treasures on the Present's strand do heap:
Across the boisterous centuries they come
Upon the swell and dash of troubled ages,
And bless the world with wisdom from their pages.

The Life of William Taylor, D.D., with an account of the Congo Country and Mission. By the Rev. E. DAVIES. Pp. 192. Holiness Book Concern, Reading, Mass.

To many thousands of admirers Bishop Taylor is one of the most heroic figures in the annals of missionary toil. A wide-spread desire is therefore felt for a record of his life. To meet this desire the present book is written. It only partially supplies the want felt. It bears the marks of hasty compilation and is rather meagre in its treatment. Very little is said of the striking episodes of "California Taylor's" seven years' preaching in San Francisco. The treatment of his South African and Indian campaigns is also very brief. The account of his recent appointment as missionary bishop of Africa and of the Congo Mission is more full but rather scrappy. On the whole we are disappointed in the book; we expected a more adequate treatment of a noble subject. Till that fuller Life appear this must serve its turn. It is published for the benefit of the Transit and Building Fund of the William Taylor Missions. A good steel portrait accompanies the volume.

The Riverside Aldine Series: Venetian Life. By W. D. HOWELLS. Two volumes, pp. 279, 286. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $2.

The Riverside Press, Cambridge, issues a series of choice books of American literature in dainty little 12mo. volumes with clear, open type, after the manner of the famous Aldine classics, printed in Venice over three hundred years ago. Among the earlier numbers of this series are very appropriately Howells' charming volumes on Venetian Life. Mr. Howells was for three years United States Consul at Venice. He has caught the very atmosphere of the poetic city of the sea. He is saturated with the romantic spirit, and he paints his word-pictures of its dreamy beauty with a Titianesque glow. An air of light and graceful badinage suffuses his page, and a thousand felicitous phrases, turns of thought and outflashings of wit and humour make these books charming reading. The chance tourist who stays but a few days in Venice cannot enter into its spirit, indeed he can see very little of it, and that only the merest surface. Mr. Howells gives us finished studies of varied aspects of Venetian life, lofty and lowly, ecclesiastical and secular, in summer and winter, dining and masquerading, love-making and marrying, baptisms and burials, churches and pictures, islands and lagoons, Armenians and Jews, fête days and fast days, commerce and society, and all the varied traits and characteristics of the strange sea-born and sea-nourished city. While there is much to amuse there is also much to instruct. The chapters on the art and architecture and history, and on the commercial greatness and decline of the proud Queen of the Adriatic give a more vivid picture of its present and its past than we know elsewhere.

Fifty Years in the Church of Rome. By FATHER CHINIQUY. 8vo, pp. 832. Chicago: Craig & Barlow.

To Canadian readers this will be a book of surpassing interest. It is a revelation of the mystery of iniquity which it is entrenched in Canada as it is not even in the Seven-hilled City itself. Father Chiniquy is a native Canadian, born in Kamouraska seventy-six years ago. For fifty years he was a devout member, and for the greater part of that time a priest of the Church of Rome. His moral nature revolted against the abounding iniquities which he discovered in that corrupt Church. He won the title of the Father-Matthew of Canada, as an enthusiastic apostle of temperance in his native land. His mental and spiritual emancipation from the bonds of Romanism was followed by an earnest crusade against the errors and corruptions of that Church. Few men living have been the object of such virulent persecution. A score of times has he been stoned and his

life placed in imminent jeopardy. But the intrepid soul knows no fear, and is as defiant and vigorous in his war against Romanism as ever. This book is his gage of mortal conflict. It is a tremendous indictment of the wickedness and corruptions of that system of iniquity. We think that his perfervid Gallic zeal has sometimes led him into over-statement and exaggerated language. But small wonder that his soul burns within him at the mental and moral wrongs inflicted upon his people by the false teaching of the Church of Rome.

Oats; or, Wild Oats? Common-sense for Young Men. By J. M. BUCKLEY, LL.D. Pp. 306. New York: Harper & Brothers. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price $1.50.

We read with very great interest, in common with thousands of others, Dr. Buckley's letters to young men as they appeared in the columns of the New York *Christian Advocate.* So valuable were they found to be that their reproduction in permanent form was strongly demanded. They have, therefore, been revised, enlarged and supplemented by five additional chapters in the present volume. We know of no book in which such plain and practical counsels are given young men on the choice of a trade or profession, and on the chief elements of success in life. Among the sections are chapters on farming, teaching, journalism, physicians, civil engineers, lawyers, banking, brokerage, insurance, "railroading," learning a trade, self-improvement, care of health, economy, savings, society, amusements, wild oats and religion. We would like to see a copy of the book in the hands of every young man in the land.

Home Letters. Written by the late EARL OF BEACONSFIELD, in 1830 and 1831. Harper's Handy Series. Price 25 cents.

The Harper Brothers issue in elegant form, in good type on good paper, a series of the best current literature at a nominal price. The present volume gives a graphic sketch of travel fifty years ago in Spain, Malta, Corfu, Athens, the Ionian Islands, Turkey, Egypt, and Palestine. The keen observation and vivid description of the brilliant author are apparent on every page. The book is copiously and splendidly illustrated with engravings which are alone worth more than its price.

Society in London. By A FOREIGN RESIDENT. Harper's Handy Series. Price 25 cents.

This book has attracted much attention from its remarkably frank criticism and characterization of English life, from that of the court and royal family, princes and royal dukes, to society sets in town and country, lawyers, judges, and divines, politicans and statesmen, senate and salon, journalists, authors, actors, artists, etc. The author is evidently thoroughly familiar with the subject, and though the *incognito* is well maintained, internal evidence points to either Edmund Yates or Labouchère as the writer.

The World of London. (La Société de Londres.) By COUNT PAUL VASILI. Harper's Handy Series. Price 25 cents.

This book is by a genuine, not a pseudo, foreigner, and enables Londoners to see themselves as others see them. The criticisms are not always complimentary. Indeed, in the original edition some of them would be thought libellous. The views of that little world, London Society, by an intelligent foreigner, cannot, however, fail to be both instructive and suggestive by contrast with the social life of Vienna and Berlin.

The Land of Rip Van Winkle. A Tour through the Romantic Parts of the Catskills. Its Legends and Traditions. By A. E. P. SEARING. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The present writer has just returned from such a tour as is here described. The Catskills offer, we think, the most delightful holiday playground within a thousand miles of Toronto. Their finest scenery is

much more accessible than that of the White Mountains or the Alleghanies, and over all is thrown the spell of genius, of literary and poetic association and romantic legend and tradition. These tales and legends the author has skilfully recounted; and has reproduced, so far as it is possible by pen and pencil, the picturesque scenery of the many "cloves" or notches, ravines and waterfalls, mountains, ledges and "overlooks" of this charming region. Every tourist who has visited the Catskills will want this book as a *souvenir* of travel. To those who have not, it will be an admirable preparation for such a visit.

Text-Book of Newfoundland History. By the Rev. M. HARVEY, with map and illustrations. Boston: Doyle & Whittle.

The history of "England's Oldest Colony" is one of romantic interest. Yet it is a story that is comparatively little known. In the present volume Mr. Harvey has supplied a long felt want. The success of his larger volume on Newfoundland has shown his qualifications for this task. The story of brave adventure, and of the struggle for liberty, is well told. The good engravings add much to the interest of the book.

The College Latin Course in English. By WILLIAM CLEAVER WILKINSON. 8vo, pp. 327. New York: Chautauqua Press. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $1.

We have had frequent occasion to speak in high commendation of Prof. Wilkinson's "After School Series." The present work completes the series of four volumes on the Greek and Latin languages and literatures. It gives vigorous sketches of the great Latin writers, in the historical setting of the times in which they lived and with copious extracts from their works. The authors here treated are Livy, Tacitus, Plautus and Terrence, Lucretius, Horace, Juvenal, Cicero, Pliny and Quinctilian — immortal names of which every person of any pretensions to culture should have some definite knowledge. From this book they may gain such a knowledge as oftentimes the Latin student will not himself possess. The criticisms are keen and just, the translations are vigorous, and well reflect the literary quality of the originals. The book is exceedingly cheap as well as exceedingly good.

Pomegranates from an English Garden. A Selection from the Poems of Robert Browning, with introduction and notes by JOHN MONRO GIBSON. Pp. 137. New York: Chautauqua Press. Toronto: William Briggs. Price 50 cents.

Many persons are deterred from the study of Robert Browning by the obscurity of his style and the difficulty of the task. Yet few authors will so well repay study. Next to Tennyson, if indeed second even to him, he is the greatest living poet. The present volume is an admirable introduction to an acquaintance with his works. The shorter and simpler chiefly are given, and judicious notes explain the obscurities. We are glad to recognize the fine critical taste of our old college friend, Dr. Gibson, in these notes.

The Two Sides of the Shield. By CHARLOTTE M. YONGE. Pp. 417. New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: William Briggs.

Few writers have maintained their hold over two generations as has the accomplished author of this work. She here resuscitates the characters of one of her earliest books, the first readers of which are now middle-aged men and women. Her literary skill has improved with her long apprenticeship to the gentle craft of authorship, and her story-telling genius is still as fascinating as that which charmed an earlier generation in "The Heir of Redcliffe."

The Sunshine of Religion. By E. I. PAGE. London: T. Woolmer.

This is a devout and cheering book on the sunny aspects of the Christian life. Its lesson is, Let us walk in the light as He is in the light.

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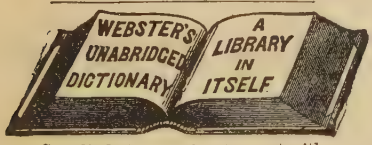

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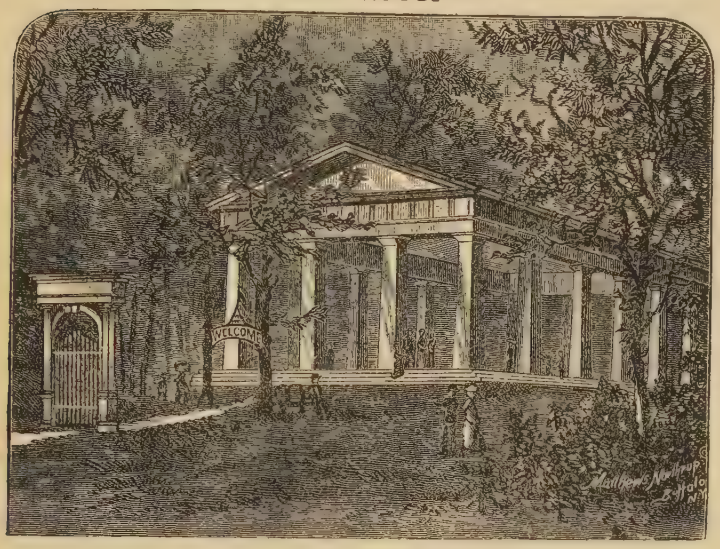

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The readings of the several classes for any one year are substantially the same. The course marked out below for the year beginning October, 1885, and closing in June, 1886, will be—

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The examination papers or "memoranda" of the C. L. S. C. consist of questions upon the required reading of the year, which are to be answered, as far as possible, from memory; where memory fails, the students are expected to refer to their books for help, but to give their answers in their own language, indicating by a special mark all questions answered in this way.

The *required* memoranda contains four pages of questions, but any member who wishes to make a more thorough review of the year's work, will be furnished with a sixteen-page paper which may be substituted for the easier one. The filling out of the sixteen-page memoranda, with 80 per cent. of the questions correctly answered, will entitle the student to a white seal.

In future, all students will be supplied with memoranda before January 1, so that they will be able to answer the required questions on any one book, as soon as the reading has been completed.

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To defray expenses of correspondence, memoranda, etc., an annual fee of fifty cents is required. This amount should be forwarded to Miss K. F. Kimball, Plainfield, N. J., by New York or Philadelphia draft, Post-office order, or postal note on Plainfield, N. J. Do not send postage-stamps if you can possibly avoid it.

Canadian members *may* forward their fees (by P.O. order if possible,) to L. C. Peake, Drawer 2559, Toronto, Canada.

N. B.—In sending your fee, be sure to state to which class you belong, whether 1886, 1887, 1888, or 1889.

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7. With what religious denomination are you connected?

(Blank forms containing these seven questions will be sent upon application to the Plainfield or Toronto Office.)

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Chautauqua Text-book, No. 16. Roman History.
In The Chautauquan:
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"Roman and Italian Art."
"How to Live."
"Electricity."
"Sunday Readings."

November.

Preparatory Latin Course in English. (Continued.)
A Day in Ancient Rome.
In The Chautauquan:
"Modern Italy."
"Roman and Italian Art."
"Relations of Rome to Modern History."
"Italian Biography."
"How to Live."
"Electricity."
"Sunday Readings."

December.

Preparatory Latin Course in English. (Continued.)
In The Chautauquan:
"Modern Italy."
"Roman and Italian Art."
"Italian Biography."
"How to Live."
"Electricity."
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January.

College Latin Course in English.
The Bible in the 19th Century.
In The Chautauquan:
"God in History."
"Religion in Art."
"Moral Philosophy."
"Physical Geography."
"How to Live"
"Electricity."
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February.

College Latin Course in English.
Pomegranates from an English Garden.
In The Chautauquan:
"God in History."
"Religion in Art."
"Moral Philosophy."
"Physical Geography."
"How to Live."
"Electricity."
"Sunday Readings."

March.

College Latin Course in English.
In The Chautauquan:
"Religion in Art."
"International Law."
"Philosophy Made Simple."
"Physical Geography."
"How to Live."
"Electricity."
"Sunday Readings."

April.

Political Economy."
In The Chautauquan:
"International Law."
"Parliamentary Practice."
"Philosophy Made Simple."
"Physical Geography."
"How to Live."
"Electricity."
"Sunday Readings."

May.

Human Nature.
In The Chautauquan:
"Parliamentary Practice."
"Philosophy Made Simple."
"Physical Geography."
"Mathematics."
"How to Live."
"Sunday Readings."

June.

In His Name.
In The Chautauquan:
"Parliamentary Practice."
"Physical Geography."
"Mathematics."
"Wars and Rumors of Wars."
"The Age we Live In."
"How to Live."
"Sunday Readings."

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Persons should be present to enjoy the annual meetings at Chautauqua, but attendance there is not necessary to graduation in the C. L. S. C. Persons who have never visited Chautauqua may enjoy the advantages, diploma, and honors of the Circle. The "Daily Assembly Herald" is published on the grounds during the Chautauqua Assembly. Send $1 for the "Daily Herald" to L. C. Peake, Drawer 2559, Toronto.

The Chautauqua Hand-Book, No. 2, containing a history of the C. L. S. C., list of special courses of study, Memorial Days,* etc., will be mailed upon application to the office of the C. L. S. C. at Plainfield, N.J., or Toronto, Can. (Two-cent stamp should be enclosed.)

LOCAL CIRCLES.

Individuals may prosecute the studies of the C. L. S. C. alone, but their efforts will be greatly facilitated by securing a "local circle" of two or more persons, who agree to meet as frequently as possible, read together, converse on the subjects of study, arrange for occasional lectures by local talent, organize a library, a museum, a laboratory, etc. A local circle may give attention to the cultivation of taste, cleanliness, etc., in towns and villages, and discuss sanitary and other questions tending to public health and order.

All local circles should, as soon as organized, report the names of their officers to Miss K. F. Kimball, Plainfield, N.J. Several pages of "The Chautauquan" are devoted especially to the interests of these circles, but none can there be recognized unless they report to the central office at Plainfield.

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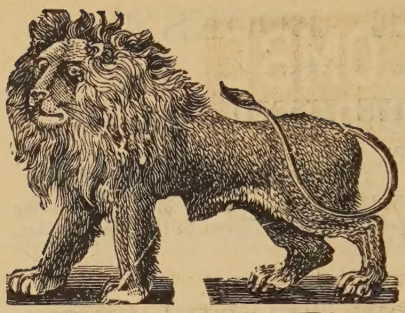

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LIMITED.

OPINIONS SHOWING THAT

CRESCENT LAKE, N. W. T., IS THE SPOT.

Those who noted the lengthy published list of desirable settlers who have taken up homesteads with our Company will be curious to know how they like the place. Let them speak for themselves!

Mr. W. EAKIN, referring to the district between the Canadian Pacific Railway and our location as to timber, lay of land, and quality of soil, says:—"It is not as good as what I have seen in our townships."

Mr. THOMAS EVANS, in a letter to his wife, says:—"We saw the two farms, and we are quite satisfied with them. As soon as Mr. Outhwaite had finished going round his land, he said, 'Well, it's splendid.'"

Mr. J. LESTOCK REID, D.L.S., in a personal letter, writes:—"I am quite sure that the longer they or any other settlers are in these townships the better they will like the locality; and there is one thing sure—they cannot get better soil and a district more adapted for farming than these townships. I am confident that before long there will be no lands more sought after."

Mr. GEORGE ADDISON, writes:—"Mr. Eakin says the Eckardts have a good section, and have sown some grain. They are pleased with their land."

Mr. GEORGE McBAIN, writes:—"I am most delighted with the country, and say you have not overrated it one iota."

Mr. CHARLES BARRAS, says:—"I am very well pleased with the country; find it all as represented. The country looks splendid; never saw better farms anywhere."

Mrs. JOHN ATKEY, writes:—"My husband wrote to me since his arrival; he is quite pleased."

Mr. GEORGE S. THOMSON (late of Toronto) writes:—"I may say we are both thoroughly well pleased with the country. * * * I have not seen better land. Game is plentiful up here; and the boys say that they have got quite tired of shooting them now, for they can easily knock them down with sticks. * * * The Guide and Mr. Eckardt have gone over the track between here and Broadview, and it is said to be a splendid trail by them; the journey can easily be done in two days—the forty miles—and we will get our letters after this once a week. I have been in good spirits and splendid health since I came up here, having gained 10 lbs., and I never felt better in my life."

Mr. EDWARD OUTHWAITE (late of Yorkville), writes:—"We are as happy as the day is long. Advise Mrs. Outhwaite to sell out; there is too much worry in business. * * * Mr. Moore, I find this place just as you said. It is quite a park. I have not seen anything like it in Ontario. The land is good—wood is plentiful—water splendid."

Mr. THOMAS EVANS (late of Yorkville), writing to his wife and Mrs. Outhwaite, says:—"Oh, it's glorious work, planting your own 'taters' on your own land—and such land! Neither of us ever saw the like before. We have both got most beautiful farms, and Outhwaite has chosen a quarter section for Mrs. M. He says they are well worth $2,000."

SOME FEATURES.

1. **Soil is rich Black Loam.**
2. **Water is Pure and Good.**
3. **Drainage Excellent, without abruptness.**
4. **Prairie and Woodland advantageously blended**
5. **Plenty of Timber for Fence, Fuel, and Building purposes.**
6. **Convenient supply of Sand, Gravel, Lime, Brick-clay, and Stone for Building purposes.**
7. **Geographical advantages are manifest, as two projected Railways are already located through these tracts.**

The Company have also **two other splendid locations**—one at the **Elbow of the North Saskatchewan,** the other at the crossing of the **Red Deer River** by the trail from Calgary to Edmonton. The following

AUTHORITATIVE OPINION

is quoted from a letter of the Rev. JOHN McDOUGALL, of Morley, N.W.T. (23 years a missionary in the North-West):

"Speaking generally of all your locations—in my judgment better selections cannot be made in the country. With all my intimate knowledge of the whole territories, I could not have chosen them to better advantage. In short, were I permitted to make a selection of the choicest agricultural lands in the whole North-West, I would take the very location that you have selected."

FREE HOMESTEADS TO PIONEERS.
CHEAP FARMS IN SETTLED DISTRICTS.

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JOHN T. MOORE,
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